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THE DICKENSIAN

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ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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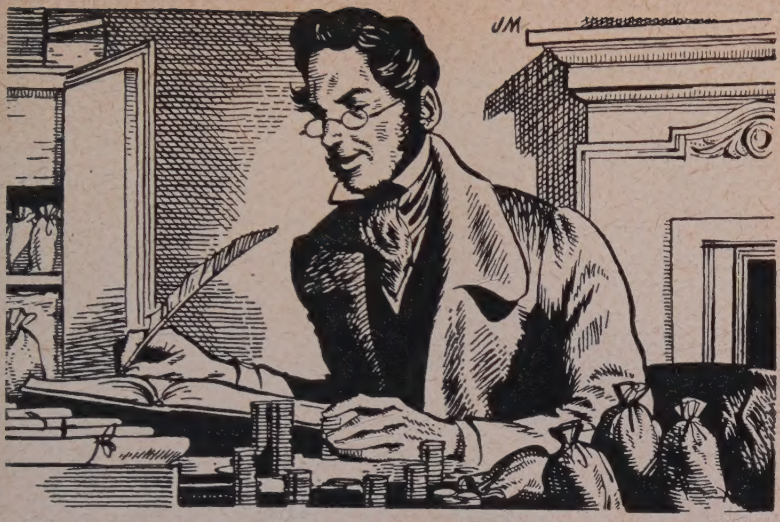


THE LONDON BANKER

The squeaking of a quill pen . . . spluttering radiance of the newly-invented gas-light . . . the soft, heavy clink of gold coinage . . . from outside, the clatter of hooves on a cobbled street . . . *an office of the London and Westminster Bank in the 1830's.*

THE TEMPO of business was slower, in an age which knew neither telephones nor typewriters—when the invitation to enjoy the 'hospitality of the Manager' was the normal conclusion to a successful transaction. These early days in the Bank's history now seem incredibly remote. Yet throughout the intervening years, which brought greater changes than did those of any previous century, the policy of the Westminster Bank has marched with the times; it aims to provide a complete banking service, based on the highest traditions of integrity and fair dealing.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Mary Cowden Clarke

as Dame Quickly
in Dickens's Theatrical Company, 1848,

from a water-colour by William Havell.

(by courtesy of Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press)

see page 105.

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XLV. 1st MARCH, 1949 No. 290

WHEN FOUND—

Conference at Broadstairs. Plans for the Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship at Broadstairs, May 26th-30th, are now far advanced and everything points to yet another highly successful gathering. Ask your secretary for a copy of the programme, or write to Mr. H. C. Norris, Pierremont Hall, Broadstairs. Intending visitors are urged to make their reservations without delay if they have not already done so. A record gathering is expected. It is not often that Conference meets in a locality so replete with Dickensian associations, and in the hope of adding to the general enjoyment these are again set forth in *The Dickensian* (see p. 91).

* * * * *

***David Copperfield* Centenary.** Conference has been invited to Broadstairs this year in celebration of the Centenary of *David Copperfield*, the first monthly part of which appeared on May 1st, 1849. The novel was finished at Broadstairs and one of its principal characters, Betsey Trotwood, lived there in the flesh. The important event will also be celebrated by a special commemorative number of *The Dickensian* (our next issue), and special exhibitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum and at the Dickens House.

* * * * *

The Fund. The Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) has now reached £4,000. It still has a long way to go before it reaches useful proportions. Recently it was decided by the Trustees that the serious damp in the basement of the house could no longer be neglected with safety. Work to combat damp and dry rot have more than exhausted the income so far produced by the Fund. Many branches throughout the world still appear to be unimpressed with the urgency of the need for building up the Fund. Those responsible for the welfare of the House are only too well aware of it.

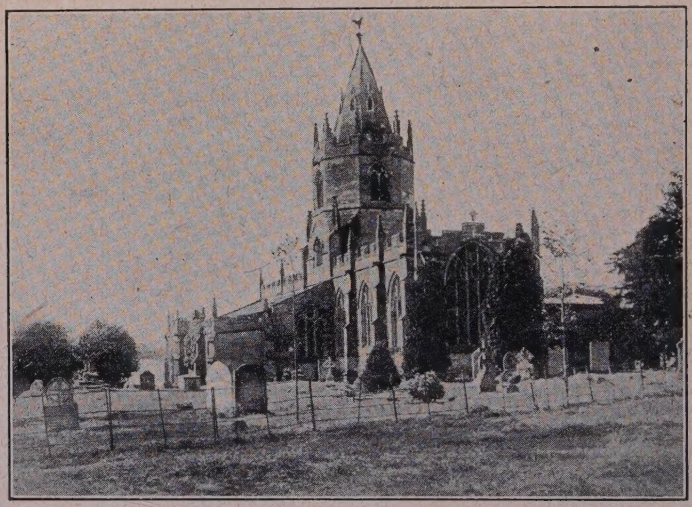
* * * * *

Christmas in Occupied Germany. Many readers will remember the war work undertaken by Capt. E. C. Cousens for the children, partly with funds subscribed by overseas members of the Dickens Fellowship. He is now in Germany and we are indebted to his sister, Mrs. Gwen Major, for permission to quote from a letter in which he described his experiences there last Christmas. ". . . at one house, mine was the only present the child was to receive. Thank God I had something worth while, a real pre-war doll, to give her. The customary little ceremony of the Bestowal of Gifts took place in a bare and shabby attic room but the soft light of three candles on a tree and the bright wrapping round my parcel gave the tiny room the authentic Dickensian touch—that touch of pathos, poverty and child wonder that Dickens described so well. . . . The wistful, half-expectant look changing to one of rapture as the child undid her one and only parcel remained with me all over Christmas. It is the real-life cameo-episodes such as these, which no one could describe without experiencing them, that occasionally raises one's work here above the level of all earthly things."

The Sentiment in Dickens. A most noteworthy evening was enjoyed by a large audience at the January meeting of the Dickens Fellowship in London. A beautiful and convincing exposition of the sentiment in Dickens's works was made by Miss Dilys Powell, the well-known film critic and broadcaster, under the title "In Defence of Little Nell." One is so accustomed nowadays to hear Dickens's sentiment decried and ridiculed that it was refreshing indeed to hear such a popular critic as Miss Powell enthusiastically defending it. Selected passages were so well read that if the audience were not actually reduced to tears they were moved to a hushed and impressive silence that has not often been equalled in our memories of Fellowship meetings. Miss Powell received a great ovation at the close.

* * * * *

The Bells of Tong. If Miss Powell is able to impress a wider audience with the worth of Little Nell, no one will be more gratified than the Rev. E. J. Gargery (a name of happy omen), Vicar of the lovely village of Tong in Staffordshire. The very beautiful



church in this village, sometimes called the Westminster Abbey of the Midlands, is that described by Dickens at the village in which Little Nell passed her last days. For fifty years the villagers have postponed the task of securing the church bells in safety, but they are warned that the work may no longer be delayed. It is to cost £900, a very large sum indeed for so tiny a village; indeed, it cannot possibly be raised without outside help. The Dickens Fellowship cannot help officially, with the Dickens House Endowment Fund so far from its goal, but if any readers who value happy hours, past, present and to come, with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, would send a contribution to Mr. Gargery, he would very gladly receive it.

* * * * *

Historic Southwark. A most interesting exhibition of historic Southwark was organised by the Rev. Colin Cuttell and our own George F. Young in the Southwark Chapter House in January. Apart from many Dickens mementos, the large collection of prints and other pictures of the Borough were of great interest to Dickensians.

Greetings! A few months ago we were commenting in these notes upon the prevalence of longevity in the Dickens Fellowship. On this occasion we may bang the drum to our heart's content. Greetings, our most hearty greetings, to our oldest member. On March 13th, we hope she will receive her *Dickensian* in time, Mrs. Ada C. Dickinson of Chicago, will celebrate her hundredth birthday. So far as we are aware this is the first time in the history of the Fellowship that any member has attained the century. For many years Mrs. Dickinson has, maintained a correspondence with our Past Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Edwards. We hear that her health is good and that she went out to dinner on Thanksgiving Day and enjoyed a long drive afterwards.

* * * * *

Hoghton Tower. Mr. Leo Mason, the popular Hon. Secretary of the Blackburn Branch of the Fellowship,has been joining in an interesting discussion in the press of that town as to whether Dickens visited Hoghton Tower when he was in the neighbourhood in 1854. He has certainly established the fact that we have no evidence that the novelist was there before that day in 1867 described by George Dolby, when both men were walking from Preston to Blackburn, at which places Dickens was giving public readings. Attracted by the ruin, as it was then, they turned up the long drive from the road in order to make a closer inspection, with the result that Dickens made it the scene of the short story that he wrote soon afterwards, *George Silverman's Explanation*. By the courtesy of the *Northern Daily Telegraph* we are able to present pictures of the building.

* * * * *

"My Choice." Mr. George F. Vale, the enterprising Borough Librarian of Bethnal Green, recently invited twenty well-known people—authors, actors, critics, etc.—to contribute "a list of their favourite books." An attractive booklet entitled *My Choice* gives the result, which, in Mr. Vale's words, truly "bears witness to the abiding supremacy of Charles Dickens," who headed the list with eight mentions. Next in order were Shakespeare with seven and Bernard Shaw five. There were mentioned no Scott, no Thackeray, and, most surprisingly, no Trollope.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N° 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London W.C.

186 ___

Chapman and Hall to give £6000 for one half share of the copyright of a new serial Tale in 20 monthly Numbers by Charles Dickens. Such interest in the copyright of the said Story [illegible] and also

The money to be thus paid. — £2,500 on the publication of N° 1 — £2,500 on the publication of N° 6 — £1000 on the publication of N° 20

All costs of production to be charged to the general account of the properties in the work (C and H. and C.D.) and all receipts to be placed to their credit. C and H. to charge 5 per cent commission on sales, and to keep the accounts: — subject at all times to C.D's inspection. C and H to render the accounts half yearly, and to divide the balance of profit into two equal shares, and to pay C.D. his share, in cash, on the 15th of March and the 15th of September in each year.

All rights of translation and of reprinting in English, out of England, reserved to C.D.

It is understood that C.D's intention to commence the publication of the work, in the course of the ensuing Spring. C and H to have no right of declaring this agreement at an end, if the publication be not commenced before the close of 1864

Our Mutual Friend. We are greatly indebted to Major Philip Charles Dickens, grandson of the novelist, for his kindness in allowing us to present a reproduction of Dickens's original draft for the agreement with Chapman & Hall for the publication of *Our Mutual Friend*. The title of the book, which is referred to in the draft as merely " a new serial Tale," was settled in April, 1862, but in spite of the " intention to commence publication in the course of the ensuing Spring," the actual writing of the manuscript did not begin until the autumn of 1863, and the first monthly number did not appear till May, 1864.

* * * * *

The Wing of Friendship We are always delighted to welcome overseas Dickensians in England and it is pleasant to hear news of English Dickensians overseas. Miss Marie Hudson, daughter of the popular ex-Secretary of the Rugby Branch, has gone to live in Australia, and was given a royal welcome by the members of the Melbourne Branch, when she attended the Christmas Party there, and was asked to send the warmest greetings from Melbourne members to those of Rugby.

* * * * *

On the air in U.S.A. Following the B.B.C's broadcast adaptations of Dickens's novels, comes news of the serial broadcasting of Tommy Tweed's adaptation of *Pickwick* by CBC in America. No account of it has so far reached us.

* * * * *

Non-co-operation. One of the many uses of *The Dickensian* and, it seems to us, one of value, is to direct the attention of Dickens lovers to everything, as far as possible, that is printed upon the subject of our author. Publishers rarely decline our invitation to send us copies of such works for review, which reviews are conscientiously carried out. But occasionally a publisher does decline. For this reason we are unable to offer any opinion on the merits of a recent essay on Dickens in a volume by Richard Aldington, *Four English Portraits*. We gather from reports we have seen in the press that the essay deals with that which seems to afford endless satisfaction to some critics of to-day, *i.e.* " the faults and limitations " of Dickens, and yet Dickens is the most reprinted of authors even in these days of paper shortage and similar handicaps.

* * * * *

Captain Hewitt. At cinemas showing films from Dickens there are sometimes to be found most interesting little exhibitions of Dickens mementos. When *Oliver Twist* was shown recently at the Exchange Theatre, Northampton, the enterprising manager, Mr. P. J. Thornton, secured the loan of the set of Boston silver presented to Captain Hewitt, of the *Britannia*, after the dangerously stormy Atlantic crossing in January, 1842, when Charles Dickens was on board. It consists of a salver, bearing an inscription composed by the novelist (for the MS. of which see *The Dickensian*, 1929. p. 288), a pitcher and two goblets, and is now the property of a gentleman residing in Northampton. The presentation in Boston was made by Dickens himself.

* * * * *

Frank Stone. A series of 134 letters from Dickens to Frank Stone and 12 others addressed to Arthur and Ellen Stone, were sold at Sotheby's on January 25th for £150.

* * * * *

A Penalty of Fame. As a matter of record it is noted that an adaptation of *Oliver Twist* by Dominic Roche was produced at the Kilburn Empire, London, on January 24th. Posterity may be assured that it need know no more than that. LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE DICKENS ANCESTRY
SOME NEW DISCOVERIES

Being Notes on the Unpublished Work of the late A. T. Butler, M.V.O., M.C., F.S.A. and the late Arthur Campling, F.S.A.

together with an Intoductory Note by Ralph Straus.

By the Editor

[It must have been some time in 1937 or 1938 that my old friend A. T. Butler, then Windsor Herald at the College of Arms, told me that in conjunction with Arthur Campling he had completed a small book dealing with some hitherto unknown or unnoticed facts about Dickens' ancestry. He was good enough to say that he had found my own book *Dickens : A Portrait in Pencil* of some assistance to him and now sought my advice as to the possibility of publication.

The news did not altogether surprise me. Anybody lucky enough to have spent only a few hours in Butler's rooms in the College and been permitted to browse amongst his unique collection of directories, peerages, almanacs, Army and Navy lists, official Reports, and the like—dull reading perhaps, but only until you have learned how to appreciate and *use* them—will know of his peculiar flair for research, whether genealogical or otherwise. For long years he had been collecting these things, and if there was ever a painstaking scholar whose knowledge could rightly be described as being both extensive and peculiar, he was that man. He would take up some thin and grubby-looking Guide to (let us say) Dumbledowndeary (1810) and gleefully inform you that the fact of Joshua Smith's name being shown there as the owner of No. 10 Acacia Avenue was the one remaining link he had long been searching for to complete the family tree of some Californian (or it might be Chicagoan) magnate. So charmingly, too, would he discourse upon that family tree as to make it seem that directory-hunting must be the most exhilarating and most exciting sport in the world.

About his writing, he himself was delightfully modest. Neither Campling nor himself, he told me, was a professional writer, and they were both conscious of grave faults in the little book. New discoveries had been made, but they had found great difficulty in arranging for their proper presentation. In particular, I remember, they had found it impossible to offer anything like a coherent story without freely "borrowing" from the works of previous biographers.

Well, I read the typescript with the greatest interest, and was particularly delighted to find a new figure emerging into the light : no less a gentleman than "Mr. Micawber's brother." There were also gleanings about Dickens's maternal ancestors. At the same time, to my mind the little book needed revision.

So much I bluntly told him, and he was obviously expecting some such opinion. He looked at me very solemnly, though his eyes seemed to be merrily twinkling, and said : "Yes, and how lucky we are to have found someone to do it !" I stared. "If you had the time to put the thing into order," he went on, "it might have a chance," and then seeing, I suppose, that I was hesitating over my reply, he added that there was no hurry at all.

For what followed I must blame myself. At the time I was engaged on a piece of biographical work of my own, and although I had approached Dickens's old publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, on whose Board of Directors I had previously sat, and found them interested, I seemed unable to find the time to work on the manuscript itself.

Then, in July, 1939, Gladys Storey published her *Dickens and Daughter*. This was a book which, I will admit, did not meet with my entire approval, but it did contain certain new facts about Dickens's immediate ancestry which until then I had supposed unknown to anybody except those at the College of Heralds and myself. I drew Butler's attention to the book, and he at once agreed that a little of the "surprise-value" of his own labours had disappeared. There was still, however, much interesting material apparently unknown to Miss Storey, and I agreed to get to work on our joint little book as soon as possible.

The war came, and all such projects were forgotten. When, moreover, I was once again in touch with Butler, in 1946, it was to find him a sick man. A few months later both he and Mr. Campling were dead.

I was then approached by the relatives of them both. They were naturally anxious that some use should be made of the manuscript left in their possession, but conditions in the publishing world were now very different from what they had been, and after some discussion we agreed that the best move would be to approach Mr. Staples. He welcomed the proposal that the newly-discovered facts should be embodied into one or two articles to be printed in successive numbers of *The Dickensian*, and about a year ago I made a second attempt to deal with the matter.

Once again nothing was done. True, there was a long illness—one of those wretched affairs when you get little or no sympathy because "there is nothing to show"—but try as I would I could not make a start. And at long last I wrote guiltily to Mr. Staples and threw myself on his mercy. Would he step into the breach himself? He agreed, and I must here offer him my warmest thanks.

I must apologise for this long statement in which I play so sorry a part; but if only in justice to Mr. Butler and his collaborator, it seems necessary to emphasise the early date at which their work was accomplished and to offer some explanation for the delay in making any of it public.—Ralph Straus.]

I. Paternal.

JOHN FORSTER'S *Life of Charles Dickens* remains, and is likely to remain, the standard work on its subject. The paucity of its information, however, upon the all-important subject of the novelist's forebears lead our authors, with their special opportunities, to make a careful investigation into this matter. Beyond references to the parents Forster tells us nothing, and the investigators started out from one fact and three questions. The fact had been established since Forster's biography had appeared; it was that Dickens's paternal grandmother had been housekeeper at Crewe Hall. As for the questions, they were these: Who was the relative that left the legacy which released John Dickens from the debtors' prison? Who was "Aunt Charlton"? And how was the wife of George Cattermole related to Dickens?

All these mysteries were duly solved and many discoveries made by Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling.

On his deathbed, Toby Chuzzlewit was besought: "Who was your grandfather?" With his last breath that moribund ancient could only gasp out: "The Lord No Zoo." Such a phonetic montrosity might have been employed by Dickens himself when his time came, for we have no evidence, either in Forster or elsewhere, that he knew anything about his grandfather, and until the publication of Gladys Storey's *Dickens and Daughter* (1939), we were in much the same position.

Charles was born of the marriage of John Dickens and Elizabeth Barrow, but how much of the life story of John himself has been divulged? Very little indeed. We knew he was born in 1785 or 1786, but where and of what parentage we had not been told. Not until April 5th, 1805, on his appointment to a clerkship in the Navy Pay Office, did his history begin. Not a word of parents or brothers and sisters; nothing to indicate town or country origin or upbringing; nothing at all. John just appears out of the clouds: an undistinguished father of an immortal son. But in that rôle at any rate he deserved well of his country, and it is only scant and tardy justice that is done to him when, in the manuscript before us, he is called from the obscurity in which biography had hitherto left him.

He was, in all probability, a posthumous child and, at about twenty, was appointed to the Navy Pay Office, according to Gladys Storey, by George Canning, on the recommendations of Lord and Lady Crewe of whom we shall read more directly. On June 13th, 1809, he was married at St. Mary-le-Strand to Elizabeth Barrow. She was

the second daughter of Charles Barrow, also of the Navy Pay Office. His consent to the marriage had to be obtained, as the bride was then a minor, aged nineteen. He, with his wife and his other daughter, Sarah, signed the register as witnesses.

The migration of John Dickens and his growing family to Portsea, to Chatham, and thence back again to London, is well established. Similarly the births of his children from Frances Elizabeth, the eldest, in 1810; Charles John Huffam Dickens, the second, in 1812; down to Augustus Newsham Dickens, the eighth and youngest, in 1827, are duly chronicled.

John's difficulties had culminated in committal to the Marshalsea on Friday, February 20th, 1824. The dates of his committal to, and discharge from, the Marshalsea Prison were first made public by E. T. Jaques ("Christian Tearle") in his *Charles Dickens in Chancery* (1914). The committal was at the suit of one James Karr, whose claim was lodged at £40, other debts of £10 and upwards being sworn to, and his sojourn there might have been indefinitely prolonged had it not been for what Forster dismissed in a few words as "a legacy from a relative." This opportune occurrence—at least for John—was no less than the death of his own mother. The legacy of £450 was substantial enough to secure his immediate release, and, indeed, it would have been larger, but, as the testatrix expressed it, he had "had from me several sums of Money some years ago." This, of course, bears out what has been said about the Micawber-like characteristics of Charles's father. He duly petitioned for his release on May 4th, 1824. The hearing took place on the 27th following and his freedom was regained the next day. He left the Navy Pay Office on March 9th, 1825, and was living in London until 1839, when Charles saw to it that he went into comfortable retirement at Mile End Cottage, Alphington, on the Plymouth Road just outside Exeter. And there, he continued to live until he was appointed to the staff of *The Daily News*.

A curious accident has left his birthplace still in doubt. Had his death, in the early morning of March 31st, 1851, been delayed only a few hours his name and place of birth would have been entered on the Census Return appointed to be completed on that day. As it is, Elizabeth, "widow," appears as head of the family. The death took place at 34 Keppel Street, Bloomsbury, the site of which is now covered by the University of London. It was then the house of Robert Davey, Surgeon. The end must have been expected for some time, for among those present that night at least nine were relatives. They were described in the Census Return as follows:

Elizabeth Dickens, widow, aged 60, annuitant, born in London.
Charles John Dickens, married, aged 39, author, born at Portsmouth, son.
Alfred Lamert Dickens, married, aged 29, engineer, born at Chatham, son.
Augustus Newsham Dickens, married, aged 23, merchants' clerk, born in London, son.
Henry Austin, married, aged 38, engineer, born in London, son-in-law.
Letitia Austin, married, aged 34, born in London, daughter.
Elizabeth Austin, widow, aged 64, annuitant, born in Birmingham (mother of Henry Austin).
Elizabeth Dorothy Smithson, widow, aged 40, annuitant, born in Jamaica.
Amelia Thompson, unmarried, aged 42, annuitant, born in Jamaica.

The two last-mentioned ladies were sisters-in-law of Frederick William Dickens, younger brother of Charles, and were the aunts of Elizabeth Southerden, Lady Butler (*née* Thompson) the painter of "The Roll

Call," and of Alice Meynell, the poetess. In the certificate of his death, John Dickens is stated to be "an Editor of *The Daily News*," the journal founded by his son six years earlier. He was buried at Highgate Cemetery on April 5th, in a grave which bears his son's tribute to his "zealous, useful, cheerful spirit." On August 20th a grant of administration was made to his widow, the effects being valued at under £40. Elizabeth survived her husband until September, 1863, when she was buried with him at Highgate, being then seventy-four years of age.

Uncle William

We have now to consider Dickens's Uncle William of whom nothing was known until Miss Storey published her book in 1939. He was born a little before December, 1783, and was therefore about three years older than his brother John and was, so far as is known, the elder and only other child of his parents. Bearing in mind his father's premature death, he must have had responsibility thrust upon him at a very early age. He appears to have lived all his life in London. His marriage, to Miss Sarah Latham, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on December 28th, 1815, when the witnesses were George Reed and Mary Peacocke. Where he resided at that time and later is not clear, but it seems probable that he was identical with the William Dickens who voted at the Middlesex election of 1818 as a coffee-house keeper at 423 Oxford Street.

William Dickens was referred to as the eldest son and appointed sole executor in his mother's Will, dated January 24th, 1824, in which she bequeathed to him £500. She left the rest of her property, £450, to her younger son, John Dickens. A clause in the Will reads: "The reason that I make this difference between my two sons is that my son John Dickens had from me several sums of Money some years ago. . . ." It was further provided that if William did not survive his mother, the executors were to be one Thomas Paul of Trevor Square, Knightsbridge, and her daughter-in-law, Sarah Dickens. In this case John Dickens was to receive £550 and Sarah the interest on £400, which sum after her death was to be distributed between the children of John and Elizabeth. This clause did not operate, as William survived his mother and proved the Will: the legacy of £450, as we have seen, released John from the Marshalsea.

It is interesting to speculate upon how the youthful Charles's career might have been affected if this timely windfall had not fallen at his father's feet. And it is strange that no member of his family, not even his Uncle William, at the head of the family and with no child of his own, did not rescue him at an earlier date.

That Dickens retained through life some sad memory of the remissness of those who might have cared for him, but also a grateful recollection of that good lady whose death brought about such a timely reversal of his fortunes, is clearly revealed in a passage in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It will be remembered that after John Westlock's quarrel with Pecksniff, he was accompanied by Tom Pinch to the coach that was to carry him to London. Westlock was quite blind to the excellences of his late master as insisted on by Tom whom he satirically reminded that Pecksniff "never scraped and clawed into his pouch all your poor grandmother's savings—she was a housekeeper, was'nt she, Tom?" "Yes," said Mr. Pinch, "a gentleman's housekeeper." Tom had previously told John that his "poor old grandmother had died happy to think that she had put me with such an excellent man." Of Charles's grandmother, who *was* a gentleman's housekeeper, we shall hear more later, but for the present we must return to see what became of Uncle William.

He died in December, 1826, aged forty-three, and was buried on the eleventh of that month in one of the burying grounds of St. George's, Hanover Square. There were two, both still existing ; one in Mount Street, adjoining the Roman Catholic Church in Farm Street and the other behind the present Chapel of the Ascension in the Bayswater Road. Sir Parker Morris, Town Clerk to the City of Westminster, informs me that both burial grounds were in use from 1782 until 1826, when the older, that in Mount Street, was closed. So that it would seem that William Dickens was buried in the Bayswater Road ground. He left a widow, Sarah, but no children. His Will, which is a short one, is dated April 11th, 1825. In it he describes himself as of South Molton Street (late of Lower Grosvenor Street) and appoints his wife his sole executrix. To her he bequeaths £300 and the interest of £1,000 for life, as well as the balance standing to his credit at the Savings Bank in Leicester Place, Leicester Square, and all his personal effects. He further directs that on the death of his wife, £100 be given to the committee of the Robert Street Chapel in Robert Street, Grosvenor Square, £500 to be equally divided between the children of his brother John, and a ring of the value of two guineas to his " faithful friend Mrs. Sarah Hunt." Then follows the clause which evidently affected Charles :

> Should my wife Sarah Dickens think proper to marry again at my decease she shall forfeit all claim to the interest of the £1,000 and that part of my will shall become null and void and in such case I request my friend Mr. Thomas Paul of Trevor Square, Knightsbridge, gentleman, will carry out the latter part of my will and I give him £50 after he has proved such second marriage, paying out to Robert Street Chapel and fulfilling my last request, viz. that the remainder of the £1,000 go to surviving children of my brother John Dickens share and share alike.

Sarah duly proved this Will in the Consistory Court of London on December 16th, 1826. She took her legacies, and enjoyed the interest on the £1,000, which ceased on her remarriage. This took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on September 6th, 1836. The clause in William's will quoted above, then became operative, and Dickens, with his five surviving brothers and sisters, benefited accordingly.

Sarah's second husband and so uncle-by-marriage of Dickens, was William Warder, yet another personage hitherto unknown to biography. He was a hatter, trading at 266 Oxford Street, who eventually retired to live and die at Tichbourne Street, Edgware Road. This marriage was a second venture for him also. His first wife had been Deborah Pordage, a member of a well-known Rochester family, whom he married, also at St. George's, Hanover Square, on January 21st, 1812. William survived his second marriage only thirteen months, dying on October 24th, 1837. He left a long Will and codicil dated respectively June 13th, 1837, and September 23rd, 1837. His wife inherited his furniture, £50 and an annuity of £100. Other beneficiaries include members of the Pordage family—did Dickens himself know any of them in later years ?—and friends in both Rochester and London. It was further directed that the proceeds of his copyhold mill and orchard at Charlton Kings in Gloucestershire were to be divided between his nine brothers and sisters ; after the death of the last survivor they were to go to his nieces and nephews. In the codicil he further bequeaths to his wife some shares in the Grand Junction Water Works. The Will was proved in the Prerogative Court, Canterbury, on November 10th, 1837, by Thomas Warder, a nephew, and was sworn at under £5,000.

Of the various legatees mentioned in William Warder's Will it is interesting to note the name of Caleb Pordage of Troy Town, Rochester, doubtless a relative of William s first wife, Deborah Pordage, whom he

had married in the year of Charles Dickens's birth, 1812. This suggests an even earlier connection with Rochester, several years before John Dickens's transfer from Portsea to Chatham. It was pointed out by Robert Langton in his *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens* that the names of "Fanny Dorrett" and "Caleb Pordage" appear on adjacent tombstones in the graveyard of Rochester Cathedral. Both names occur in a list of surnames drawn up by Dickens for use in his books. Moreover, the *soi-disant* "Commissioner" Pordage is found to be a character in *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, which appeared in the Christmas Number of *Household Words* for 1857. It is indeed interesting to find still more Dickensian associations with Rochester.

Before leaving Uncle William, we might, perhaps, turn back for a moment to his "faithful friend Mrs. Sarah Hunt" to whom he left a ring of the value of two guineas. Is it merely a coincidence that the widow of another John Dickens, of Union Street in the Liberty of the Old Artillery Ground, was Sarah, who afterwards married one Francis Hunt? If so, she must have remarried between December 20th, 1825, when she proved her first husband's Will, and April 11th following the date of William Dickens's Will. This John Dickens, of the Old Artillery Ground, on the East side of Bishopsgate Street Without and not to be confused with the ground of the Honourable Artillery Company in Finsbury, was buried at Bunhill Fields on May 17th, 1825, aged sixty-two. He could not have been nearer in blood to Charles than his father's first cousin and, as will be seen later, his relationship may prove to be of importance in the continuity of this story. But let us leave him for the moment.

Grandmother Elizabeth

It was in 1890 that the world first heard of Dickens's grandmother. In that year T. Wemyss Reid published *The Life, Letters and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton*. He wrote:

> When Lady Houghton was a girl at Crewe the person who filled the responsible office of housekeeper at Crewe Hall was a Mrs. Dickens, the grandmother of Charles. Lady Houghton used to tell that when she was a child the greatest treat that could be given to her brother and herself and sister was an afternoon in the housekeeper's room at Crewe, for Mrs. Dickens was an inimitable story-teller, and she loved to have the children around her, and to beguile them, not only with fairy tales, but with reminiscences of her own, and stories from the pages of history.
>
> It was natural, therefore, that when, after her marriage Lady Houghton became personally acquainted with Charles Dickens, she should feel a peculiar interest in him. Not very long before Dickens's death a dinner was arranged at Lord Houghton's town house chiefly for the purpose of enabling the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians to make the acquaintance of the great writer. Dickens was at the time disabled by rheumatic gout, and he remained in the dining-room until the party had assembled, the introduction to the Prince of Wales taking place at the dinner-table. It was the last occasion on which he was the guest of his old friend.

Incidentally, Mrs. Byrne in her *Gossip of the Century* (1892), Vol. i, p. 227, quotes from a letter of Wemyss Reid: "Old Mrs. Dickens had one grievance which Lady Houghton still recalled when she told me about her. It was the conduct of her son John—Charles's father—against whose idleness and general incapacity she was never tired of inveighing."

And, until the present investigations, that was all that was known of Dickens's paternal grandmother.

She was a Miss Elizabeth Ball, who at the time of her marriage to William Dickens at St. George's, Hanover Square, on November 22nd,

1781, was about thirty-six years old. Until that date, Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling thought it probable, although not certain, that she was in the service of John Crewe (1742-1829, created Baron Crewe in 1806). This would have been either at his town house, 18 Lower Grosvenor Street, at Crewe Hall in Cheshire, or at Madeley Manor in Staffordshire. After her marriage she was probably at one or other of the country seats, because neither of her children were baptised at St. George's. Gladys Storey states that at the time of her marriage Elizabeth Ball described herself as " servant to Lady Blandford of Grosvenor Square." Her married life lasted only four years, for her husband died in October, 1785, leaving her with the two boys, William, aged two, and John, who must have been born shortly before March, 1786, and might quite possibly have been posthumous. (See page 68.)

He was buried on October 18th, 1785, in one of the burial grounds of St. George's, Hanover Square, and left his widow about four or five hundred pounds. Her long connection with the Crewe family did not come to an end until two or three years before her death on April 26th, 1824, at the age of seventy-nine. At that time she was living in retirement in Oxford Street, London, possibly, and indeed probably, in the house of her eldest son. She, too, was interred in one of the St. George's burial grounds four days later. No memorial of any kind remains to her in either of them.

How much, then, did Charles know or see of his grandmother ? He was twelve years old at the time of her death and engaged in his uncongenial employment at the blacking-factory. As his parents did not move from Chatham to London until about April, 1823, his acquaintance with old Mrs. Dickens must have been restricted to a period of a few months at most. No trace of any recollection of her is to be found in his letters. A possible allusion to her in *Martin Chuzzlewit* has already been referred to, but she figures as Mrs. Rouncewell, the housekeeper at Chesney Wold in *Bleak House*. Rouncewell, incidentally, is a Devonshire name and may have impressed itself on Dickens when he was visiting his father at Alphington.

The attractive character of Mrs. Rouncewell is too well known to need here the illustration of quotations from the novel, but it may be pointed out that, like her original, she had two sons, one successful and one not, and that her relations with both were clearly influenced by the story of Mrs. Elizabeth Dickens and her sons.

We have already seen, in considering the story of these sons, that her Will, dated January 24th, 1824, released the younger, John, from the Marshalsea. Mr. Butler and Mr. Campling now establish the fact that Elizabeth was on the roll of the household staff at the Crewe town house, 18 Lower Grosvenor Street, in June, 1798, and from Lady Houghton's account, that she was housekeeper at Crewe or at Madeley some time after 1814, and had retired before 1821, at which time a Mrs. Ellen Hilditch filled her post.

In leaving the story of this lady allusion may fittingly be made to the contrast presented by the Crewe family's first and last contact with the family of Charles Dickens. We have the early picture of affectionate interest in the faithful and trusted retainer, and, half a century later, the glad recognition of the grandson's fame and the satisfaction at being the medium of making the great writer known to the highest in the land.

William Dickens, The Grandfather

It can never now be known how much Charles had been told of his paternal grandfather, who died a generation before his own birth and about the time of the death of his father. The only living relative who had set eyes on the old gentleman, the widow Elizabeth, had died as

we have seen, in Charles's twelfth year before which there had been but little opportunity for her to tell her youthful grandchildren of their grandfather. Moreover being in her eightieth year, she was probably disinclined for such confidences with very young people. One may therefore assume that Charles and his brothers and sisters grew up in ignorance of the family history. It is unlikely that the pride of their grandiloquent if impecunious father would have permitted him to enlarge, to any appreciable extent, upon his brother, the coffee-house keeper, or his parents from the servants' hall. It must also be remembered that their own father was left fatherless in infancy and that the circle of their relations was extraordinarily small, an exceptional circumstance in those days. The Dickens family was restricted in one generation to the aged grandmother, in the second to two brothers, one childless, and in the latest to six young children.

Our authors followed up several William Dickenses who flourished in mid-eighteenth century. Only one, however, emerges as Elizabeth Ball's husband and whose marriage took place at St. George's. Later he was interred in one of the burial grounds of that church : the church of the parish in which stood the Crewe town house. As we have seen, William married Elizabeth Ball on November 22nd, 1781, and the marriage register of St. George's shows that the witnesses were Joseph and Susanna Ball, who were probably the parents of the bride.

The little else that is known of William may be deduced from the account books of the Crewe family at Crewe Hall and in London, for details of which our authors were indebted to the kindness and interest of the Marquess of Crewe, who permitted the books to be examined. The entries are as follows :

1783				
Apl.	5	Paid Wm. Dickens a year's wages due at Lady Day 1783.	20.0.0	
		To 35 weeks' Board Wages at 7/6 a week.	13.2.6	33.2.6
1785				
Aug.	23	Paid William Dickens your Butler in full of the ballance of his account of Receipts and payments and of wages and board wages as appears by the particulars £39.19.9 & 3d. towards the stamp.		40.0.0
1798				
June	18	Paid Mrs. Dickens Servant at your town house for Board Wages and payments made by her.		23.4.0
		Paid do. a Year's Wages due 21st inst.		8.8.0

From this last entry, of 1798, it would seem that Elizabeth Dickens was employed then at the town house in Lower Grosvenor Street and not yet to have attained to the more responsible post of housekeeper, which, as we have seen, she subsequently held.

Although these records are somewhat meagre it is not difficult to envisage a union of two members of the considerable household at Crewe Hall, both parties being no longer young, the wife aged thirty-six or thirty-seven and the husband by reason of his occupation probably older ; indeed, it might not be an extravagant surmise that the marriage was a second venture on the part of the bridegroom, for the Registers of St. George's, Hanover Square, contain an earlier entry of the marriage on October 28th, 1740, of a William Dickens with one Elizabeth Palmer, both being single persons. If this entry refers to William Dickens, the grandfather, his age at his death in 1785

would have been about sixty-six. This is what might have been expected. If, on the other hand, his marriage to Elizabeth Ball was his first, and if they were anything of an age, he would have been exceptionally young for the position he held at the time of his death.

On his death, William's estate realised £450, which amount his widow invested on February 27th following in Consolidated Three per cent. Annuities. This holding she had increased to £750 by January 21st, 1813, by which date she transferred that amount of stock to her eldest son, William Dickens. And here we may briefly record the transactions concerning this little funded property, culminating in its eventual distribution in 1836. William Dickens, the son, it seems had already begun his own investments in the funds. On coming of age in 1804 a purchase of £100 in the same Three per cents., through T. Fielder, of the Stock Exchange, a member of the family of Proctors in Doctors' Commons, who in 1837 were to prove the Will of Mrs. William Dickens's second husband, William Warder.

By the time of his death he had increased his holding until, with the £750 which had been transferred to his name by his mother in 1813, it totalled £1,300. Of this £300 was paid to his widow and £1,000 to Thomas Paul as already recounted.

The family preference for these Three per cent. Consols is amusingly reflected in *Pickwick*, for Tony Weller as " sole eggzekiter " of his wife has the realisation of the " counsels " left by that lady.

It is interesting to add that Mr. W. J. Carlton, in searching the registers of St. George's, Hanover Square, came across the entries of two baptisms which may or may not be relevant : one of William, son of William and Jane Dickens on September 12th, 1783, the other of Thomas, son of William and Jane Dickens on June 8th, 1785 (born April 13th, 1785). So far he has found no evidence to connect this William Dickens with Charles. He also noticed the marriage of a William Dickens with Elizabeth Palmer on October 28th, 1740.

Having reached the end of the known facts about William Dickens the grandfather, our authors have added an interesting note about a contemporary who may have been a relative if not indeed a brother.

Only a few yards away from the Crewe town house was the Upper Grosvenor Street residence of the Duke of Cumberland, who died there on October 31st, 1765. The butler to the Duke was one John Dickins (*sic*), who died in November, 1764. His wife was Ann, daughter of John Bartholomew, of Thorpe, near Egham in Surrey, and a niece of William Bartholomew, of Knightsbridge. This John Dickins's Will is dated March 26th, 1764, and states that he was possessed of certain real estate at Liddington and Millbrook in Bedfordshire.

Now, reference has already been made to another John Dickens of the Liberty of the Old Artillery Ground, and to his widow, Sarah, who later married Francis Hunt. As this John in his Will, proved on December 20th, 1825, gives several legacies to people in Bedford, we may have here a clue to the Dickens ancestry. The name is found in some profusion where the three counties of Beds., Bucks., and Northants join : that is in the district between Stoney Stratford and Bedford.

Here, then, is a conjectural provincial origin for the family. If, however, a London descent be deemed more probable and the recurrence of the name William be considered indicative of it, there is a pointer in the marriage licence issued by the Bishop of London on June 28th, 1707, to William Dickins of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, and Katherine Hasleton of St. Margaret's, Westminster, both single and both aged thirty, the marriage to take place at St. Martins-in-the-Fields.

Despite the fun which Dickens pokes at long and distinguished

ancestry in the opening passage of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, already referred to, it is quite possible that Charles may have had a good claim to belong to an armigerous stock. "A well-known and genealogically sound test," write our authors, "for a theory of descent where strict proof is not forthcoming is to rely on the inherent tendency of a father to perpetuate his Christian name, or the names of his parents, in his children, and if we may for a moment apply this test to William we have ready to hand a likely descent through a line of William Dickenses long settled in London, but originally Derbyshire gentry.

"Their pedigree, duly registered at the Heralds' Visitation of London in 1633-34 is headed by a John Dickins of Hasellwood in Derbyshire, born about 1530. He was succeeded by his son William, who by his wife, Ann, daughter of Thomas Barker, also of Hasellwood, had two sons, William, his son and heir, and John. William Dickins, the elder son, was described as of London, gentleman, living in 1634 in the Ward of Farringdon Without, and by his marriage with Mary, daughter of Rafe Brooke, York Herald of Arms, had five daughters and two sons, the second being named William.

"From William, the younger son, it may be that Charles Dickens was sixth in descent. If that were so, he had the right to bear the coat of arms of 'ermine, a cross flory sable,' granted on June 10th, 1625, to William Dickins of London, by letters patent of Sir William Segar, Knight, Garter Principal King of Arms." (See also *The Dickensian*, 1931, p. 236). They continue:

"Rafe Brooke published a book of Heraldry in 1622, entitled: *A Catalogue and Succession of the Kings Princes Dukes Marquesses Earles and Viscounts of this Realme since the Norman Conquest to* 1622 with many coats of arms. A copy of this work is extant with a fly-leaf inscription:

> Bought of the author's daughter, wife to Mr. Dickens dwelling in Fletestreete neere to the place where the Paggent stoode Ao. 1626, pretium VI s. VI d. Charles Humfrey."

Before leaving the paternal ancestry of Charles Dickens I might add a note about Thomas Paul, Trustee to the Will of his grandmother Elizabeth Dickens and to that of his uncle William Dickens. After his distribution of the estate in the Three per cent. Consols among Charles and his brothers and sisters in 1836, his history is not clear, but he appears to be identical with Thomas Paul of New Malton, Yorks., attorney 1803-1823, and Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the North Riding of Yorkshire 1810-1820. It was in New Malton that Charles Smithson later practiced as a solicitor in partnership with Thomas Mitton, an old schoolfellow of Dickens, who drafted his Will in 1838. It will be remembered that Mrs. Charles Smithson was present at the death bed of John Dickens in 1851. It was Charles Smithson who provided Dickens with letters of introduction for his Yorkshire visit of 1838 to investigate the schools of that area, and who was host to the novelist at Easthorpe Hall near Malton in 1843. On the Good Friday in the following year, Dickens attended the funeral of Smithson in New Malton churchyard.

To be continued.

IMMORTAL MEMORY

Birthday Tribute by Felix Aylmer

A RECORD gathering assembled in London at the Connaught Rooms on February 7th for the Dinner held to celebrate the 137th Anniversary of the Birth of Charles Dickens. The President, Maj. Gen. Ian Hay Beith, occupied the Chair. The toast of the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens was supported by tributes from members of the theatrical profession, out of compliment to our dramatist President.

The first came from Mr. Felix Aylmer :

Grateful and sensible as I am of the honour you have done me in allowing me to speak on this occasion, I cannot pretend there is anything particularly inappropriate in this toast being supported by a member of my profession because, if contemporary reports of his Readings are to be relied upon, Charles Dickens must have been equipped, both by nature, temperament and talent, to be an actor of the highest rank. It was only an accident at a critical moment in his youth, when he had decided to take his first step on the stage, that sent him back on the path of journalism. Once he had made this decision, his natural genius and energy took him so rapidly along the road of his choice that soon there was no question of going back to the crossroads. Dickens might have shared the laurels of Macready, he probably would have done so for a generation, but in that sphere he would have come down to us only as a name. He might have become a great dramatist, but even so we find it very difficult to believe that he could have inspired in us that warm feeling of friendly admiration and almost personal friendship which is, I suppose, the unique triumph of his literary achievement.

I once knew an old actor of the old melodrama school which used to be popular. He was a great-hearted man with a magnificent voice and he was well able to impress a boy, but the thing that has stood out in my memory about him, from that day to this, was his devotion to Dickens. His room was crowded with portraits, first editions, manuscripts, letters, personal mementoes of his hero and no statement of his opinion on any subject was complete without a quotation from the master. Unsympathetic friends used to smile at this devotion. There was even mention of Mr. Dick and King Charles's head, but I am glad to say that I never felt any temptation of that kind. His sincerity was transparent and his enthusiasm was that of an apostle. I am perfectly certain in my own mind that Dickens was the greatest influence in his life and had probably done more than anything else to mould his character. It is only the greatest artists that are capable of this power over their fellow-men and when these artists have worked in a medium which was not permanent, when they have depended on their own limbs and voice and expressions to convey their message, that message has inevitably died with them.

So it would have been even with Dickens, had he not employed the written word and so you can see that even an actor may rejoice at the loss to his profession of one who would undoubtedly have been among its greatest ornaments. But although Dickens resisted, in the literal sense, the lure of the footlights, the thought of acting was never very far away from his mind. The novels are pervaded with it to an extraordinary degree. I need hardly remind you of those characters definitely in the show business.

You know there were Codlin and Short (Codlin was originally an actor and used to specialise in ghosts), and Mr. Sleary and Jupe and the rest of the circus group : Mrs. Jarley ; Fanny Dorrit, who was a

dancer ; and also the whole magnificent company gathered together by the great Vincent Crummles. These last are a source of infinite delight to every professional actor of every generation I imagine. I think that probably in one respect they are a constant source of envy to most modern managers. When Nicholas joined that company he made the twenty-fourth and, if we may include the pony and Miss Henrietta Petowker—that very, very great star, the only sylph, if you remember, whom Mr. Crummles had ever known who could dance on one leg and play the tambourine on the other knee, *like* a sylph—if we may include her, because she was the visiting star, you can raise the number to twenty-six, which I can assure you is much greater than can be managed by many of our present repertory theatres. When we remember their takings seldom exceeded £2 per performance, we wonder how they managed to scratch a living, but that has always been one of the mysteries of the "palmy days."

I am proud to claim that I have had the privilege of playing with several members of Mr. Crummles' company under various names—Miss Snevellicci, I remember very well, and Mrs. Grudden. Mr. Folair, by the way, I met somewhere about the year 1912. As he was over 70 years of age at that time, Dickens could actually have seen him, and I like to tell myself that he was the original Mr. Folair. He had become, I regret to report, a dresser in his old age, the sort of thing that might happen to any of us, but he used to tell us stories of his great triumphs in the part of Harlequin, which must have been one of Mr. Folair's.

But the one member of the company, I must admit, above all others I should like to have known personally, belonged to an older generation still and was dead before Nicholas joined the company. I refer to the pony's father. I don't know if you remember him as well as the others. His wife, of course, was a comedienne. She ate apple pie for fourteen years and used to go to bed in a night-cap. Her husband was a dancer, not, I regret to say, a very distinguished performer. In fact, Mr. Crummles regarded him as rather a low sort of pony, but the point is this : that was by no means the end of his talents. Even Mr. Crummles had to admit he was clever in melodrama, though broad—too broad—and more than that, when his wife unfortunately predeceased him, he was even capable of taking over the port-wine business, which involved drinking port with the clown until that tragic evening when he bit off the bowl of the glass and choked himself. The versatility which allowed that animal to appear first in the ballet and then in the drama and conclude in the farce, probably all on the same evening, because that is how those performances were run—I think invites comparison with Garrick. I should very much like to have met him.

There is one rather curious technical point which is noted by Dickens in his account of the Lillyvick wedding. On that occasion there was a procession up the aisle, accomplished by various members of the Crummles family with a great sense of character and Mrs. Crummles was seen to be advancing with that stage walk which consists of a " stride and a stop " alternately. I doubt if anybody would recognise that walk to-day. I hope you can visualise it. I think I can just remember it. It used to be the stock means of progression for the tragedy Queen, but I think it must have been dead by 1914 at the latest. The curious thing is, it does still survive, in another place, on the Continental opera stages, not in Sadlers Wells and Covent Garden, except on occasions when you have foreign visitors. In Continental opera you find all characters, except the comic ones, proceed in that way—a step and a pause, a step and a pause. I suppose in places like that motion has to be slowed down to some extent, in order to make room for a good deal of music ; much, no doubt, as in the days of the

old blank verse tragedy you had to make room for a spate of verse. But, however that may be, I am almost inclined to believe we are seeing on those opera stages abroad to-day probably the exact technique that was in vogue on the ordinary legitimate stage about the time early in Victoria's reign when Italian opera first took the European stage by storm.

Of course Dickens does not show his devotion to acting solely by the introduction of professional characters. He was a very keen amateur himself and was determined to make a lot of his characters amateur actors. You find it coming out in all sorts of forms. Supposing a man dies rather too early in the course of a novel or disappears unaccountably, he is always likely to re-appear later on in the story, not with the clown's, "Here we are again ! " but probably in disguise under a new name and with a fresh make-up. If people are engaged on a mysterious and secret errand, there is another excuse for making them dress up. Lady Dedlock, you will remember, dressed up as a lady's maid to go out and interview Jo and retrace the steps of her dead lover. Rudge, when he came back to the Maypole, had to escape notice and so he was dressed up accordingly. And the murderer Rigaud became the fascinating Mr. Blandois when he met the Dorrit family in Switzerland.

Mr. Wopsle—I suppose I ought to have introduced amongst the professionals, but the decline of his career (which started late and optimistically in a performance of Hamlet), was so rapid that, although we do hear of him rather ominously from the playbills as appearing as the " faithful Black, heard of in connection with a little girl of noble origin and a monkey," also as an actor of comic propensities—and, indeed, we are allowed to see him in a nautical drama as a plenipotentiary of great power direct from the Admiralty with a Union Jack in his pocket, as a giant slave in the Christmas pantomime where he was busily engaged in the manufacture of thunderbolts in a mine, and later, apparently in the same pantomime, as a sententious necromancer. But in spite of these appearances I don't believe myself Mr. Crummles would have allowed him to be anything more than a pretentious amateur who had never learnt his business.

In the *Tale of Two Cities*, the climax turns entirely on Sydney Carton's impersonation of Charles Darnay. In *Our Mutual Friend* you have John Harmon as Rokesmith for the greater part of the book. Thus Mr. Boffin was made to represent himself very successfully as a miser, in order to reform certain selfish tendencies in Bella Wilfer's nature. You find an example of the same thing in *Martin Chuzzlewit* where old Martin successfully imposes himself on Pecksniff as a dupe in order the better to revenge himself. The most famous impersonation in the whole canon comes in *Edwin Drood*, in the bewigged and inquisitive Dick Datchery. Unfortunately, the performance was so good that no two people have been able to make up a common mind as to who exactly was the gifted amateur who performed that part.

In presenting his professional characters, he was involved in describing a number of actual performances. I indicated the Indian Savage and the Maiden by Mr. Folair and the Infant Phenomenon, and we get a very good summary of a great drama in which Mr. Crummles appears. I don't know what its name was (it might have been *The Mortal Struggle*, or *The Intrigue*, or *Ways and Means*) in which Mr. Crummles appeared, you remember, with a " face shaded by a profusion of black hair " and, with his cloak drawn across him, said " Beware ! " in the Banquet Scene. There was also a great part for Mrs. Crummles, who talked a great deal about her father's bones which, it seemed, were unburied. We get then all Mr. Wopsle's plays almost in their entirety—his nautical drama, his pantomime, his

Hamlet, and Miss Snevellicci's "bespeak night," at which Nicholas's adaptation from the French was presented.

We get a very fair picture of the lower reaches of the drama in Dickens's day. If we only had the novels to go upon, we should almost believe he would have avoided the stage at all costs because of his distaste for the habits of the time. But he did not leave it at that. He left on record his opinion of Macready and Fechter among others and there his praise is unstinted. In Fechter's case he went to the length of writing an advance press notice to introduce his friend to the American public. There are few other notices and most of them seem to be inspired by the desire to do a favour for a friend. It is a curious thing, I think, if you consider how interested he was, all his life, in the theatre, that, being both journalist and editor, he should have done so little in the way of dramatic criticism. I suppose that, having decided that the stage was not for him, he did not want to get involved in an attack on æsthetic standards and thereby avoided the resentment he would have aroused in some cases amongst his friends. It is interesting to speculate what might have happened to the stage if it had had the benefit of Dickens's genius and energy. My own view is that he would have revolutionised it. It was a time when there was a great deal of pomposity and nonsense. Blank verse tragedy was on its last legs. He would have kicked a great deal of that nonsense off the stage, and he would have introduced a good deal of realism, reality rather. Not realism but the underlying reality would have been his aim. But he did not do it. At the critical moment, destiny descended upon him with a cold and a swollen face and an audition which had been arranged with Kemble and Charles Mathews was cancelled and Dickens never renewed the application. On such accidents do the fates of professions and, indeed, sometimes of nations turn, and one consequence is that I am speaking to-night to the toast not of an immortal dramatist, nor of an immortal actor, but of the immortal novelist, the inimitable Charles Dickens.

Mr. Harold Warrender, kindly stepping into the breach left at the last moment by the unavoidable absence of Mr. Francis L. Sullivan and Mr. Godfrey Tearle, supported the toast in a brilliantly witty speech, after which Mr. Leo Mason, of Blackburn, contributed a short Dickens recital.

A toast to The Theatrical Profession was proposed by the Editor of *The Dickensian*, to which the Magwitch of the recent film from *Great Expectations*, Mr. Finlay Currie, replied in a speech embellished by a series of anecdotes told with great artistry. The health of the Chairman was proposed by Capt. R. C. D. Shuckburgh and the President's reply brought the evening to a close.

On February 10th the Rev. George A. Parkinson gave the Annual Birthday Recital at the Swedenborg Hall, on February 12th the Dickensian Tabard Players gave their annual performance at Southwark, and the Bishop of Southwark preached at the Annual Dickens Commemorative Service in Southwark Cathedral on Sunday, February 13th.

DICKENS'S PLAN FOR THE CONCLUSION OF *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

BY JOHN BUTT

IN Part VII of his essay, "G.B.S. on *Great Expectations*" (*The Dickensian*, 1948, p. 183), Mr. Humphry House mentions Dickens's plan for the conclusion of *Great Expectations*, which I published for the first time in *The Durham University Journal* (XL, 3, p. 76), and he asks what evidence there is for the date of its composition. Mr. House's arguments have prompted me to re-examine the evidence, and as a result I find that I must alter the opinions given in my essay and summarised by Mr. House in his.

The plan reads as follows :

Miss Havisham and Pip, and the Money for Herbert. So Herbert made a partner in Clarriker's
Compeyson. How brought in ?
Estella. Magwitch's daughter
Orlick, and Pip's entrapment, and escape.
— To the flight
Start
Pursuit
Struggle—Both on board together—Compeyson drowned—Magwitch rescued by Pip. And taken—
Then :
Magwitch tried, found guilty, & left for DEATH
Dies presently in Newgate
Property confiscated to the Crown.
Herbert goes abroad : Pip perhaps to follow.
Pip arrested when too ill to be moved—lies in the Chamber in Fever. Ministering Angel JOE
Recovered again, Pip goes humbly down to the old marsh Village, to propose to Biddy.
Finds Biddy married to Joe
So goes abroad to Herbert (happily married to Clara Barley), and becomes his clerk.
The one good thing he did in his prosperity, the only thing that endures and bears good fruit.

What purpose did this plan serve ? Mr. House offers no suggestion, but he convinces me that the explanation I put forward was misconceived. I suggested that after Magwitch's reappearance, "the end" as Dickens calls it "of the Second Stage of Pip's Expectations," Dickens had paused to decide what to do next ; that having done with his mystery, he casts about for material to finish the story ; and that the plan records the results of his deliberations. This will not do. If the plan was intended to represent the course of the final stage of Pip's expectations, it is oddly reticent about Chapters 40 to 52. Chapter 53 is sketched in the briefest possible way, and only Chapters 54 to 58, which Dickens designates in the manuscript "Ninth Monthly Portion," are outlined in any considerable detail. If Dickens made his plan soon after finishing the Second Stage, he was behaving as his manuscripts show that he never behaved before in overlooking the course of the chapters immediately before him to concentrate on the final episodes. It is more probable that the plan was made after Chapter 53 was written and that it was intended to guide him in constructing the last episodes only and not the whole of the final stage.

Other details help to confirm this view. Miss Havisham's lover was originally named "Compey," and so the name stands in Chapter 42 of the Wisbech MS. Later Dickens changed the name to "Compeyson," and we can watch him in the act of adding the last three letters to the name in the manuscript of Chapter 45. In Chapter 47, where the name

next occurs, "Compeyson" is written without hesitation, and "Compeyson" is the form which is used in the plan. From this we may reasonably infer that the plan could not have been drawn up before Chapter 42 was written, and in Chapter 42 we have already reached the third chapter of the final stage. The reference to Compeyson also points to a problem which faced Dickens very late in the novel. "Compeyson. How brought in?" But Compeyson had been "in" from the beginning of the novel, and he had been actively shadowing Pip and Magwitch from the first chapter of the final stage. Moreover Dickens had "brought in" his relationship to Miss Havisham while he was still calling him "Compey." "How brought in" must therefore refer to something else, and to what else can it refer but to Compeyson's part in the scene of Magwitch's capture?

Lastly, there is Mr. House's difficulty over the entry "Estella. Magwitch's daughter." He points out how essential it is to Dickens's purpose that Estella should ultimately be revealed as Magwitch's daughter, and he finds it hard to believe that the entry in the plan marks "the first occasion on which this idea occurred to Dickens." I agree. I also agree that the first entry on the plan denotes something which Dickens had already arranged, for it is in Chapter 37 that Pip buys Herbert a place in Clarriker's business; and therefore Pip's "salvation" by joining Herbert had already been forseen in the Second Stage. Mr. House might indeed have made his case even more forcibly by pointing out that the final words of the plan, which constitute a leading "moral" of the book, had been anticipated at the end of Chapter 37 before the plan was written. At the end of that chapter Dickens writes:

> At length, the thing being done, and he having that day entered Clarriker's House, and he having talked to me for a whole evening in a flush of pleasure and success, I did really cry in good earnest when I went to bed, to think that my expectations had done some good to somebody.

If we must assume that the plan of the final episodes also records some details which Dickens had conceived at an earlier stage, what was his purpose in jotting them down? The answer must be, I think, that in *Great Expectations*, as in earlier novels like *Dombey and Son* and *David Copperfield*, Dickens had soon decided to what end he was driving but did not know every detail of the route before him. In those earlier novels, the memoranda for each monthly part show him debating which course he should take. Thus in the memorandum for Part X of *David Copperfield* (Chapters 28 to 31) we read

> qy Em'ly to go? *No.*—YES
> qy Aunt ruined?—Next time
> qy Miss Mowcher? *Impossible.* Try next time
> Littimer? Yes
> Steerforth? Yes
> First chapter funny
> Then on to Em'ly

He knows where he wants to go, but being not yet sure how to get there, he formulates questions to help him in plotting his route. We may perhaps guess that the plan of the final episodes of *Great Expectations* served a similar purpose, and that his intentions might be reconstructed as follows. The entries relating to Herbert's money and to Estella keep in mind the two most important points of the story, the means by which Pip "redeemed his life of prosperity from utter and total failure" (to use Mr. House's words) and the loss both of the fortune and the girl, which both derive from Magwitch. The entry about Compeyson is a memorandum of a loose end which needed tying

up, and the entry about Orlick records the point which Dickens had reached on his road. The following entries are, I suggest, a sketch of the remainder of the story as he now for the first time saw it shaping before him in the last instalment until it led him to the predetermined conclusion " Finds Biddy married to Joe. So goes abroad to Herbert," etc. This reconstruction seems to fit both what is known of Dickens's methods of composition and Mr. House's brilliant analysis of the theme of *Great Expectations*.

There is one more point. Mr. House says that he himself has not " worked out an exact internal chronology from the hints given up and down *Great Expectations* " ; but Dickens had, though he does not attach a particular year to any incident. Following the last page of the manuscript are two half sheets of paper headed " Dates," which read as follows :

> Herbert Pocket speaks of Miss Havisham's matter having happened " five and twenty years ago." at that time, Pip is—say 18 or 19. Consequently it happened 6 or 7 years before Pip, and Estella—who is about his age—were born.
>
> But say that the matter was a year or so in hand—which it would be—that would reduce it to 5 or 6 years before they were born.
>
> Magwitch tells his story in the Temple, when Pip is 23. Magwitch is then about 60. Say Pip was about 7 at the opening of the story. Magwitch's escape would then be about 16 years ago. If Magwitch says he first knew Compey about 20 years ago, that would leave about 4 years for his knowledge of Compey and whole association with him up to the time of the escape. That would also make him about 40 when he knew Compey, and Compey was younger than he.
>
> When Magwitch became known to Compey the end of Miss Havisham's matter would thus have taken place about 7 or 8 years before.
>
> Estella, as Magwitch's child, must have been born about 3 years before he knew Compey.
>
> The ages in the last stage of Pip's Expectations stand thus :
>
> | | | |
> |---|---|---|
> | Pip | about | 23 |
> | Estella | ,, | 23 |
> | Herbert | ,, | 23 |
> | Magwitch | ,, | 60 |
> | Compey | ,, | 52 or 53 |
> | Miss Havisham | ,, | 56 (I judge her to have been the elder in the love time) |
> | Biddy | ,, | 24 or 25 |
> | Joe | ,, | 45 |
>
> Jaggers 55, Wemmick near 50, and so forth.

These memoranda I take to be Dickens's check upon what he had written following the story Magwitch tells in Chapter 42, and before Chapter 45 when Compey was renamed Compeyson. If he had discovered some discrepancy at that point, there was not much he could have done about it, since the novel was too far gone in print for material alterations.

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SIR ERNEST WILD ON DICKENS

" Wild used to say that the man who did not know his Dickens was either a foolish person or a superior person, or both. ' Dickens,' he declared, ' had bequeathed to the English-speaking world a legacy that neither rust nor moth could corrupt—the legacy of goodwill to man '."

Sir Ernest Wild, by Robert J. Blackham.

BOOKS THAT DICKENS READ

By T. W. HILL

[The substance of a Paper read at a Headquarters Meeting, November 12th, 1948.]

I

A COUPLE of years ago I had the great privilege of telling you about Ten Wonderful Years of the last century. I hope you will be interested to hear something of Ten Years of the present century, during which I have been writing Notes on Dickens's novels the Notes that have been appearing quarter by quarter in the *Dickensian*.

I began by making very desultory memoranda on allusions and quotations used by Dickens, which must have been recognised immediately by *his* readers, but which have in many cases become obscure to *modern* readers. I showed some of these memoranda to Walter Dexter, and he at once said : " If you will do *Dombey* complete I will print them." He did, and then he urged that I should attempt the whole of Dickens. To embark on such an undertaking when well over seventy years of age seemed rather optimistic, but I have been spared to complete the major works : fifteen novels, *Sketches by Boz*, the *Reprinted Pieces*, and *The Uncommercial Traveller*—all that I set out to do. Sufficient for a quarterly instalment for the next six or seven years.

My investigations have led me into realms of literature in many fields of enquiry and I have in every case endeavoured to trace back to its original source the subject of every note, and have not been satisfied with other people's repetitions, or with mere copyings by one person from another. I have been amazed at the number of books with which Dickens must have been acquainted and with the scope of his reading, considering all we know of his early education and the magnitude of his multifarious occupations. Hence the title of this paper : " Books that Dickens Read."

Was Dickens a well-read man ? Had his reading a purpose behind it ? Or was his reading a mere recreation ? In any case, what did he read ? And, finally, how did he appear in this respect to his contemporaries, many of whom were shining stars in the literary firmament?

We turn to the invaluable Forster for a lead (and just let me implore you to read that marvellous book if you have not already done so, and to re-read it if you have, for you will find all you can reasonably want within its covers) and what do we find ? " His talk was unaffected and natural, never bookish in the slightest degree. He was quite up to the average of well-read men ; but as there was no ostentation of it in his writing, so neither was there of it in his conversation."

One of his later biographers says his writings appeal " only to the semi-educated," another affirms that " he was practically uneducated," while another says that he " was well aware that in several directions he could never make up for early defects in training," and a fourth is content with the reply of John Dickens in answer to a questioner : " Pray, Mr. Dickens, where was your son educated " ; " Why, sir, he may be said—ha, ha—to have educated himself." And Forster's comment on all this is : " It nevertheless sufficed for him."

II

It will be necessary for me to recall things you all know. As a child Dickens was delicate and unable to join in the usual outdoor games associated with boyhood, and so was driven in on himself, spending much time indoors. This meant learning to read at a very tender age ; indeed, his passion for reading was awakened by his mother, who taught him regularly every day for some years the alphabet, the rudiments of English, and a little—probably a very little—Latin. As he became more proficient he would often take his book into the

field (now covered by Chatham railway station as you will know from the account of Dullborough Town) where he could read at the same time as he watched his more robust school-boy friends at their play. But most of his time was spent indoors in a room unused by any of the family, poring over a collection of neglected volumes that his father called his library, and before he was eleven years of age he had managed, in the solitude of that silent room, to work his way through *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, and *Tom Jones*—pretty strong meat for so young a digestion, but, as he said in later years, they did him no harm and afforded him endless amusement, and contributed to the dreamland inhabited by every healthy-minded child. Besides these, there were translations into English of *Don Quixote* and *Gill Blas*, besides *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Citizen of the World*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights* and the *Tales of the Genii*, as well as a few volumes of Mrs. Inchbald's *Collection of Farces*.

I suppose John Dickens had some sort of sentimental attachment (I should like to say "priory 'tachment") to his curious mixed grill of literature, or he would not have taken them from Portsmouth to Chatham, and then dragged them to Camden Town. It can only have been a sentimental attachment, for there is no record of his ever having opened one of them himself. Sentiment, however, had to give way to hard necessity when financial troubles overwhelmed the family, and one by one all the books of the "library" found their way, probably under Charles's arms, to the North London pawnbrokers. We have never learned that any of the precious pledges was ever redeemed.

Charles's sentiment was made of sterner stuff. Years later, at his death, copies of every one of the books I have mentioned were in the library at Gad's Hill Place; he had, whether for association's sake or for re-reading, purchased all his early favourites.

While at Chatham, Charles had also the advantage of some guidance in his reading from Mr. Giles, his schoolmaster, and read "over and over again" (his own words) *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Idler*, and when he left the school for his departure for London Mr. Giles gave him for a keepsake a copy of Goldsmith's *The Bee*, which he kept for many years; this, I presume, was never pawned.

In North London and while still a boy, his uncle, Thomas Barrow, lent him Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, George Colman's *Broad Grins*, and *The Dance of Death*, and two of these books were at Gad's Hill in later years.

Leaving his school days behind, I must pass on to the time when Dickens began life on his own account. After a short spell in a lawyer's office, he learned shorthand—he was only about seventeen—in order to become a reporter, and was also an assiduous attendant at the British Museum Library for about five years. His first Reader's Ticket was dated February 8th, the day after his eighteenth birthday, 1830. Now, "reading volume after volume will not make you well read; it's what you read that counts," so let us see what books Dickens asked for. It almost reminds us of Tony Weller's system with Sam: "Let him run in the streets when he was wery young, and let him shift for his-self." Fortunately, a few of Dickens's requisitions have come down to us and we may be able to judge of his ideas of self-education. Here they are: *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, Goldsmith's *History of England*, Addison's works, Berges's *Account of the Roman Senate*, *The Dance of Death* (evidently Uncle Thomas's copy had been returned), Shakespeare's works. His reading, therefore, judged by this fragmentary evidence, seems discursive; in only six requisitions there are *belles lettres*, satire, history, antiquity, drama, and social history all mixed up together. With what avidity was this young

man swallowing great doses of things that he thought were missing in his mental diet. He seems to have been like Johnson as a young man, of whom Boswell says : " He read a great deal in a desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as chance threw books in his way, and inclination directed him through them." However, Forster says " it sufficed " and " no man who knew him in later years, and talked to him familiarly of books and things, would have suspected his education in boyhood, almost entirely self-acquired as it was, to have been so rambling and haphazard."

He also read, as can be gathered from internal evidence in his novels and journalistic work, much dramatic literature, and one biographer says, on what I think are insufficient grounds, that his Museum reading was mostly of dramatic works. We do know, of course, that he had an intimate acquaintance with plays, from the crudest melodrama to drama of the highest standard, and that he was an ardent playgoer, a successful amateur actor, and a not unsuccessful playwright in a small way, although probably his efforts in this direction would not attract a modern audience, although I must say that *The Strange Gentleman* well repays reading.

Dickens's choice of books at the British Museum must have included much more than the few requisitions I have quoted, and this is shown markedly in his first efforts as an author in the *Sketches* we know as those of Boz, written between 1833 and 1836 while he was still visiting the British Museum Reading Room. He had assimilated a varied mental pabulum containing much of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, Byron's *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold*, Scott's *Demonology*, Ross's *Arctic Voyages*, to mention only a few, to say nothing of quotations from and references to no less than eleven of Shakespeare's plays. He must also have known well Monboddo's works, Belzoni's explorations, the State Trials and the *Newgate Calendar*. Not a bad record for a young man of from twenty-two to twenty-four years of age.

So you see, if my deduction be correct, his attendance at the Museum and his apparently rather random choice of books there was not wasted. His memory, always retentive, was well stored, and he had the faculty of being able to keep in his mental pigeon-holes, properly classified, just the knowledge he wanted, handy for immediate reference. This is why, without any parade of wisdom or learning, and as Forster says, without ostentation, his allusions and quotations run so easily into his literary style. There is no sign of effort ; it is so smooth that the reader can enjoy the narration without troubling, unless of an inquisitive turn of mind, to trace the allusions to their source. But, oh how much is lost if this be not done ; it is like a meal without seasoning, as insipid as a " swarry " without the " usual trimmings."

Let us look into a little later period of Dickens's life ; he is married and settled down. From Brighton, on his first visit in 1837, he writes : " Did you ever read (of course you have, though) Defoe's *History of the Devil* ? What a capital thing it is ! " On his holiday at Petersham in 1839 he has with him *Peveril of the Peak*, *The Legend of Montrose*, *Kenilworth*, Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, *The British Essayists*, Hunt's *Companion*, Hood's *Own*, and a carpet-bag full of Italian and German in English translations. How's that for holiday reading for a few weeks ?

Now dip into Forster again—I said he was invaluable ; in 1849 Dickens was at Broadstairs and Forster says that at these seaside residencies " his reading was considerable and very various . . . all the minor tales as well as the plays of Voltaire, several of the novels (old favourites with him) of Paul de Kock, Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and a surprising number of books of African and other

travel for which he had an insatiable relish." Dickens calls these in *The Uncommercial Traveller* " my voyages (in paper boats)," and I will deal with them presently.

Here's another dip into Forster. From the Continent Dickens wrote : " reading that wonderful book *The French Revolution* again for the 500th time. Carlyle, who knows everything, don't know what Mumbo Jumbo is." Again : " I finished the *Scarlet Letter* yesterday," to which Forster adds : " in Mr. Hawthorne's earlier books he had taken especial pleasure." And again : " Jerrold's *Story of a Feather* he had derived much enjoyment from," and then he quotes Dickens : " I have been deep in voyages and travels and in Defoe. Tennyson I have also been reading again and again . . . How fine the *Idylls* are! Lord! what a blessed thing it is to read a man who really can write. I thought nothing could be finer than the first poem till I came to the third ; but when I had read the last it seemed to me to be absolutely unapproachable." Then a few years later (1842) : " I have been reading Tennyson all the morning on the sea-shore," and seventeen years later still (1859) : " I have just been reading Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* . . . I doubt if anything were ever finer than the last—Guinevere." To leave poetry, listen to this : " I have been reading poor Hood's *Tylney Hall* (Hood's only novel) the most extraordinary jumble of impossible extravagance and especial cleverness I ever saw." Have any of you read that curious book ? If you have you will corroborate Dickens's opinion. As a finale to these extracts Forster states that during one of Dickens's periods of serious thought : " the book which helped him most was *The Life of Arnold*."

Perhaps, in view of the last two or three quotations, it will be well to make some reference to Dickens's own contemporaries, whose writings he read, of course, as they were published ; I mean people like Lytton, Ainsworth, Gaskell, Browning, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins and many others, although they don't come within the theme of this paper. It should be remembered that they were his personal friends, and, being of his own time, were contributing with himself to the making of literary history. Besides, some of them were writing for the magazines he owned and edited, and their work did not to any extent influence his work and style—the opposite might indeed be plausibly contended. I am dealing only with books I think he read with a purpose, omitting mere recreation.

I have carefully examined a copy of the catalogue of Dickens's own library at Gad's Hill Place, and wish I could have had that facility ten years ago. This catalogue has a story of its own that may be worth retelling. Dickens bequeathed his library of printed books to his eldest son, Charley, who sold it as a whole to Sotheran ; Sotheran issued a priced catalogue of the collection, and it is a reprint of this catalogue I have been consulting. How Charley could bear to part with the books I cannot conceive, but that is neither here nor there—he did. I only know that I am glad he did, as without the catalogue this paper would never have been written, and I have found that its study has thrown light in obscure depths in which I had wallowed in preparing the Notes to the novels on which I have been engaged for so long. If ever a man's character, in accordance with the old dictum, could be judged by the books he loves, it holds in the case of Dickens, and my close study of this catalogue has been most revealing.

III

So far, I have confined myself to the books that Dickens read during what may be called the formative years, the years during which " he may be said—ha, ha—to have educated himself." Now, with the help of the catalogue, let us see what he read during his real working life

as a novelist and journalist. Can we discover what books he used in direct connection with his work ? A conscientious novelist will not be satisfied with merely reproducing his own personal impressions, vivid though they may be ; he will " swot " the exact details to ensure accuracy. He must check his own impressions with chapter and verse. Dickens was no exception, and that is why you can trust his facts implicitly.

I have been through the Sotheran Catalogue carefully, and I rather suspect that Charley kept back some of his father's books before parting with the remainder. I don't know—I only suspect—I know I should have done so. All books acquired after 1862 or thereabouts I take no account of and for this reason. After that date Dickens only produced one complete major work, *Our Mutual Friend*, and one unfinished, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, besides short stories and *The Uncommercial Traveller*. I have therefore assumed that by 1862, when he was fifty years of age, Dickens depended gradually less and less on " swotting " and more and more on his accumulated experience. I have also omitted any consideration of presentation copies, assuming that they were not acquired purposefully.

Here is a list, roughly classified, of the books I assume to have been acquired by Dickens for purposeful reading :

	Entries		Entries
Classics	7	America	5
English Literature	71	Art and Science	31
Shakespeare and Drama ...	24	French and Italian	13
Poetry	33	Crime, Punishment, State Trials	
London and Topography ...	14	and Social Conditions ...	16
History	24	Dreams, Hypnotism	10
Biography	16	Reference Books	20
Travel, Shipwrecks, etc. ...	41		

a total of 325 headings representing well over two thousand volumes. Books acquired after 1862 and the presentation copies I have mentioned amount to nearly another thousand. So it wasn't such a bad general library as private collections go, and certainly not for one who is described by one of his biographers as suffering from the " handicap of a defective education."

Now G. H. Lewes had visited Dickens soon after he was married and remarked that at Doughty Street in 1837 the bookshelves contained " nothing but three-volume novels and books of travel, all obviously presentation copies from authors and publishers, with none of the treasures of the bookstall." It was not a kind thing to say, but then Lewes was a book collector, whereas Dickens never was. Moreover, Dickens began his married life with nothing, not even his father's " library " ; Forster said he was never a bookish man. However, Lewes had to modify his views when he called at Devonshire Terrace a couple of years later, for he records that the " well-known paper-boards of the three-volume novel no longer vulgarised the place ; a goodly array of standard works, well bound, showed a more respectable and conventional ambition." I feel that both of Lewes's statements err in their patronising tone and are somewhat exaggerated. But in any case Dickens's was not the kind of library sometimes satirised in comic papers, where a *nouveau riche*, having acquired a large country house, takes a bookseller into an empty room and says : " I'm a-going to make a libery of this ; there's about thirteen hundred foot o' shelvin' ; fill 'em up with 'andsome sets of vollums with a nice bit o' gilt on the backs." It was rather the collection of a man who loved literature for its own sake (note Lewes's " goodly array of standard works "), and meant to make use of it.

Now, if I try to point out, by studying some of the headings into which I have sorted the titles, how Dickens used his library, I hope

you will share my pleasure at the assistance I have obtained in the compilation of the Notes mentioned so often, but don't forget that they have been my life for more than ten years.

IV

I will take the headings in the order I have given. One cannot help noticing the paucity of Latin and Greek classics, at that time considered indispensable to a liberal education. You will remember Mr. O'Bleary who, in the drawing room at Tibbs's Boarding House, was quietly reading Horace and —here's a sly dig—trying to look as if he understood it. Dickens, unlike Lewes, who criticised his library, had never the opportunity for acquiring the classical education deemed essential. He only knew, if he had not forgotten, the little Latin his mother had taught him before he was eleven, and perhaps he had picked up a little in his rather irresponsible and light-hearted school-days at Wellington House Academy, with perhaps a few Latin legal phrases, of which he probably did not trouble to master the correct English equivalents, at Ellis and Blackmore's. So, as might be expected, his collection of classics was a small one ; there are English translations of Cicero, Horace, Juvenal and Plautus, but no Virgil (although he is used at Dr. Blimber's), no Caesar, no Terence, no Tacitus, etc., while of Greek there are only Plutarch and Homer in translations ; no Aechylus, no Aristotle, no Aristophanes, no Plato, etc. Nevertheless he was far from ignorant of classical history culled from a thorough knowledge of Gibbon and shown in the early chapters of *Our Mutual Friend* when Silas Wegg declined and fell over the Roman names, and in *Dombey and Son* where Doctor Blimber spoilt the boys' appetites by discoursing at dinner-time of Nero, Tiberius, Caligula and Heliogabalus, and we must not forget Mr. Feeder, B.A., and his use of the Virgil or the Herodotus stop when grinding his educational organ. In *Hard Times* we hear of Slackbridge addressing the crowd : " Had not the Roman Brutus (that is Lucius Junius Brutus, the avenger of Lucrece) condemned his son to death." A different Brutus, you perceive, from the Marcus Brutus, Julius Caesar's friend, who is mentioned in the story of *Old Cheeseman* as quarrelling with Cassius about coining their blood for drachmas. And do you remember how easily and without straining possibilities, Mrs. Blimber preserved the classical tradition of her husband's school by saying in the most natural way, that she would have died content if she had had the happiness of the friendship of Cicero in his " country house at Tusculum—beautiful Tusculum ? " Again, could any reference be more happy than Mrs. Hominy's assumption of the famous Roman name of Gracchus—the ultra-refined Mrs. Hominy who was horrified at Martin Chuzzlewit's mention of that grossly indecent feature, a naked eye ?

Yes, there are abundant classical references scattered through Dickens's books ; beside those associated with Wegg, no less than fifty-three may, presumably, be traced to Smith's great dictionaries. Some, it is true, are such as most people know, and to a limited extent understand, as they have become part of intelligent conversation, such as, say, Ajax, Ixion, Apollo, Cyclops, or Medusa, but no one uses them with more ease and naturalness than Dickens. And some, although at first sight rather unfamiliar, are evidently spontaneous. Here is an instance : in *Sketches by Boz* the Lucinian mysteries of lying-in hospitals are mentioned quite casually. How many of my readers can say right off why these mysteries are Lucinian ?

But, whatever may have been the shortcomings of Dickens's library on the classical side they were more than made up for by the really fine collection of English literature. Practically all the eighteenth-century novelists and essayists are included : a complete Scott in

eighty volumes, Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, Mrs. Radcliffe, and many more; forty-five volumes of essayists: *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, and others, besides Bacon, Addison, Boswell, Carlyle, Hazlitt, Washington Irving, Sterne, Swift, Walpole—these are idly taken from a rich list of authors. Indeed, there is hardly a well-known name in the glorious galaxy an example of which cannot be found there.

That the contents of these treasures were familiar to Dickens is plain to any reader of his books; I do not want to stress the point unduly, except to add that more than five hundred allusions and quotations are included in my Notes. Just one instance in passing: in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, "On an Amateur Beat," there is a telling parallel drawn between "a single stride at Houndsditch Church" marking as great a difference in modes of life as Scott pictures in "a single stride" across the kennel at the Canongate separating the imprisoned debtors in Holyrood from Freedom.

He also possessed the best fiction, what is called classical fiction, and if you want proof of his discernment in literary matters you will appreciate the acuteness of this bit, quoted by Forster, of criticism of a new novel: "More like a note of an idea than anything else. It seems to me as if it were written by somebody who lived next door to the people rather than inside of 'em." How different from his own intimate method; the Kenwigses, the Gargerys, and the Rookery at Blunderstone, to mention only one or two, are certainly not described by "somebody who lived next door."

Dickens's love—life-long—of the theatre and of drama generally has been treated so well by so many commentators that I must not weary you by going over the old ground; but I must touch on one or two points. His love of the theatre was nourished by his boyish possession of a toy theatre, and, while he was still at Ellis and Blackmore's, by his evenings out with his friend Potter, with whom he would occasionally "make a night of it" by dining out and then going to the play, probably at half-price as his salary was small. An account of one such occasion, no doubt slightly over-coloured, will be found in *Sketches by Boz*. Anyway, it was a more profitable way of spending an evening than that indulged in by Mr. Lowten at the Magpie and Stump. He knew more about the unities of the Drama than Mr. Curdle with his "sort of general oneness"; he had imbibed his knowledge from the best sources. He had an excellent acquaintance with the dramatists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, fostered no doubt by his early reading of Mrs. Inchbald's little books in his father's collection at Chatham. Later he became possessed of the complete set of volumes—all seventy-five of it. There are also separate volumes of Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve, Foote, Massinger, Otway, Wycherly, Gay—again I forbear. None worth having is missing. To Lillo's play, "George Barnwell," there are no less than five different references, and what a flight of imagination it was that caused Betsey Trotwood to allude to the Old Soldier, Mrs. Markleham, as "you Marplot," from the mischievous character in Mrs. Centilevre's comedy, "The Busybody," and Fanny Dorrit's playful use of the same epithet for her harmless and artless sister Amy. There is also the cogent reference to Greene's play, "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," when Mrs. Gamp's nap disturbed by the dropping of her pattens is likened to the fabled but broken slumbers of the philosopher. These instances will be enough to show Dickens's intimacy with old plays.

At Gad's Hill there was, of course, his, and our, prime favourite, Shakespeare, of whom I find several editions, including a reprint of the First Folio of 1623, besides many commentaries. Among our

treasures at Dickens House are two volumes of Shakespeare's plays from Gad's Hill containing Dickens's bookplate. They were presented to the House by Walter Dexter in 1927. Dickens was an original member and a diligent attendant at the meetings of the Shakespeare Society founded in 1842.

Soon after his marriage he became known to Forster, and that gentleman proudly introduced his brilliant young friend to Macready, just then at the height of his career, and thereafter Dickens became a still more ardent playgoer. He saw, and I think worshipped, Macready in "Macbeth," "Othello," and several other plays by Shakespeare, and so acquired a working knowledge of the plays he had been reading at the British Museum, and it is from these plays that he drew his numerous illustrations. I have some doubts as to whether Dickens read much of Shakespeare other than the plays that he had seen performed, but, without any shadow of doubt, these he knew really well, and quoted from them and made allusions to them in the most natural way and with the happiest results. Before he knew Macready at all, he had in *Sketches by Boz*, as I have already said, no less than eleven allusions to Shakespeare, making the most glorious fun of "Othello" in "Mrs. Joseph Porter," and of "Richard the Third" in "Private Theatricals," or, to give it its proper title, "Private Theatres." The last-named shows also his close knowledge of what takes place behind the scenes. Then, later, we recall in *David Copperfield* the fearsome lady known as Hamlet's Aunt; and who will forget the guying of Wopsle's Hamlet at the little waterside theatre in *Great Expectations*? Throughout his novels I have noted the mention of twenty-one of Shakespeare's plays and among these are seventeen allusions to "Hamlet," twenty to "Macbeth," and nine to "Othello"; these and others account for over one hundred and twenty references in my Notes. But I must add that some of the well-known plays are omitted; nothing from "A Winter's Tale," "The Taming of the Shrew," or "As You Like It," to name a few of the more popular. I cannot help wondering why, seeing that if there was ever an Autolycus, a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, it was Dickens, and one would certainly think that Petruchio, or Jaques, would appeal to such an author.

V

Poetry comes next with thirty-three entries, so you may conclude that Dickens liked poetry. I have already shown his love of Tennyson. Even in *Sketches by Boz* he pointed out that while Mr. O'Bleary might toy with Horace, Mr. Septimus Hicks had much of Byron's *Don Juan* by heart. When Dickens was editing his two weekly magazines he printed quite a good number of short poems, and some of them are excellent—you will all remember the story of Adelaide Anne Procter. He must have read—and memorised—a good deal of poetry, or his books would not contain more than one hundred and fifty apt quotations from fifty-three poets, not counting Silas Wegg's and Dick Swiveller's repertories which were mostly of songs. Very, very few of the quotations are not absolutely correct, and a number are quite unhackneyed. It would strain the content of this paper to give a lot of instances; I will only point out the ease with which the quotations find their place and seem to flow in the current of Dickens's style. I recall the beautiful comparison of Little Dorrit's devotion to her father in the Marshalsea with that of the Grecian Daughter who nourished her father in prison. In Our School (*Reprinted Pieces*) there is a line from Wordsworth's "Excursion," "So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies," that ought to read "So fails, etc." That is a slip, but here is a deliberate adaptation: Goldsmith in *Retaliation* wrote:

" A flattering painter who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are."

Dickens applied this to the figure-head of the steamer, *Amazon*, as:

" A flattering carver who made it his care
To carve busts as they ought to be, not as they are."

You will find it in " Bound for the Great Salt Lake " in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. Pope, Byron, Goldsmith, and Campbell were special favourites. And so was Thomas Moore, from whom he draws nearly forty illuminating asides. One or two he treated playfully, either entrusting the distortions to Wegg or Swiveller, or *in propriâ personâ*. Here, for instance, is the way he adapted Moore's " Rich and rare were the gems she wore " to the pitching and rolling of the Dover-Calais steamer. First I give the authentic third verse:

Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more.

And here is the Dickens version:

Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For though they love fellow-creature with umbrella down again and golden store,
Sir Knight they, what a tremendous one, love honour and virtue more,
For though they love Stewards with a bull's-eye bright
They'll trouble you for your ticket, sir—rough passage to-night.

London. I need not labour the point; Dickens's knowledge of London was profound and so was his knowledge of its history. His practical acquaintance was gained from his own wanderings and his night walks, often anything up to twenty miles and more. He did not own anything like what we should call a London Collection, but his well-thumbed—I mean much-used—books were Pennant, Malcolm, Hatton, Evelyn and Pepys (the last-named well besprinkled with marginal notes " for possible quotation ") gave evidence of constant reading. These, with his own observations, provided the skeleton that he clothed with all the imagination of the inspired novelist, and gave us the inimitable pictures of the pulsing life of the London of his own day and of the period earlier than his own. Particularly he enables us to realise how the hungry and ever-growing metropolis has swallowed up the semi-suburban areas north of the Euston Road, east of Mile End Turnpike, west of Hyde Park Corner and south of the Thames. I will just indicate how this is brought home by a quick reference or two taken at random as they occur to me as I write:

North of Euston Road.—Staggs's Gardens, Smike's wanderings, Pancks's home and Casby's house.

East of Mile End Turnpike.—The road to the Maypole, and the Nickleby cottage at Bow.

West of Hyde Park Corner.—Mrs. Witterly's house, and the brand-new home of the Veneerings in Stucconia.

South of the Thames.—Weevil's " dormitory " at Deptford, Bradley Headstone's school in the same district, Wemmick's castle, and Peg Sliderskew's hiding place.

For the topography of England Dickens could go to the twenty-six volumes of Britton and Brayley's *Beauties of England*, or, for something more condensed, to Gorton's four volumes with excellent maps. You will not want me to recall the wanderings of many of his characters, but you may like to work out how much ground Bill Sikes covered in his flight, how many miles Bella Wilfer walked on her wedding day, accompany Nell and her grandfather across England,

or trace Ralph Nickleby's movements on his last day on earth. Some of the information in these once invaluable books is now hopelessly out of date, but to Dickens they were the latest authority, and they do indeed contain much that is of perennial interest. Will you be surprised to hear that there is no book on Kent in the catalogue ? Kent, Dickens favourite county ; I wonder if Charley withdrew them before the sale. However, that does not matter to us as Dickens was so at home in Kent that he certainly would not want a guide book, and we have only to recollect the scenes in *Pickwick*, *Great Expectations*, *Edwin Drood* and *David Copperfield* to realise the fact.

It is only necessary to remind you of Dickens's almost encyclopaedic knowledge of English road travel. Just one example : he gives the names of thirty-seven different kinds of conveyance, from barouche to tumbril.

(*To be continued*)

BIOGRAPHY AND FICTION

The vogue of the " biographical novel " continues unabated. To those in search of light reading which promises to afford " a rough idea " of a great personality, the species no doubt presents some attractions, but to those who read with a more serious purpose they are apt to be somewhat irritating. The ever-present problem is the inability to distinguish fact from fiction. Moreover, is it fair to draw conclusions, or invite one's readers to do so, from a portrait built up of an entangled mass of fact and fiction ?

Dickens was subjected to this treatment some years ago by Bechhofer Roberts in a novel, *This Side Idolatry*, which, in spite of serious faults, was at least eminently readable. Now there appears another effort in the same field, *I Rest My Claims*,* by W. V. Y. Dale. It is understood that this is a first novel and there will be a widespread wish that the author had postponed his study of Dickens until he was better able to handle it. The title of the book is a little unfortunate as Dickens's " published work " is not considered to any appreciable extent.

The most carefully written scenes in the book are those dealing with Dickens's unsuccessful marriage. The central character is Catherine rather than Dickens. She emerges a credible figure, but Dickens himself utterly defeats the author and can only be written off a failure. Mr. Dale should not thereby be discouraged. It would indeed have been surprising if he, a beginner, succeeded where everyone else has failed. Dickens is of a stature too great to lend himself to such treatment, and the reader of the novels and the letters cannot but be profoundly disappointed by the rag-and-sawdust hero of this novel. In mitigation it may be repeated that no writer, in the present writer's experience at any rate, has given us a worth-while portrait of Dickens in a work of fiction, either in a novel or on the stage ; as for the long threatened screen attempt, that is awaited with apprehension.

Mr. Dale has obviously read widely in the by-ways of Dickens biography, yet he plays skittles with chronology and his errors and anachronisms are numerous and often breath-taking. I have no desire to overload this notice with a list of them, and one or two examples will suffice. We are given an account of a conversation between the yet unmarried Catherine and her sisters, Mary and Georgina, in which the last named is represented as talking with all the wisdom of experience and maturity, and yet she was not more than ten years old at this time. Mary was sixteen. Later we hear of Dickens, in despair at the lack of public support for *Martin Chuzzlewit*, reading it, for reassurance, to his eldest son who quickly asks for more. Charley was then in his sixth year. Among the many difficult things the author of this book attempts is an elaboration of the quarrel between Dickens and Forster. All we know about it is a brief reference in the Diary of Macready, who was present. The new extended account can hardly be called successful.

In one particular Mr. Dales deserves well of Dickensians, he mercifully refrains from inventing such scandalous stories as have blotted the pages of several recent books which do not claim to be fiction, but which, if justice were done, would fall largely into that category.

L. C. S.

* Staples Press 9/6.

DICKENS IN BROADSTAIRS

By LESLIE C. STAPLES

IT is a singularly happy arrangement that the Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship shall take place at Broadstairs this year, the year in which occurs the Centenary of the publication of the first part of *David Copperfield*, for the delectable little Kentish village on the cliffs has close associations with that book, so often considered to be its author's masterpiece. Not only was the concluding portion of *David Copperfield* written at Broadstairs, but here lived a lady who later achieved immortality as one of the glories of the book—Betsey Trotwood.

Charles Dickens the Younger has told us that he well remembered being entertained to tea, together with other children of his own age,

By courtesy of] [*Lanes Ltd., Broadstairs.*

Broadstairs Bay in Dickens's day.

by this striking personality who lived in a charming old-fashioned house which looked out to sea across a little patch of turf which she stoutly defended with a broom against invading donkeys. Her name was Mary Pearson Strong, and she was quite a well-known character in Broadstairs. Conference delegates will no doubt be interested in her grave in St. Peter's Churchyard when they go to St. Peter's for the Conference Service on the Sunday morning. They will certainly be interested in seeing her house with its delightful balconied façade, in Nuckell's Place on the front. Known as Dickens House, it is now the home of Miss Tattam, the Hon. Secretary if the Broadstairs Branch of the Fellowship, and of Miss Gladys Waterer, who writes and stages the Dickens play for the Annual Festival held in Broadstairs in October. These ladies have kindly arranged that visitors shall be given an opportunity of seeing over it during the Conference. This privilege should not be missed, for the house is as charming and unspoiled inside as out ; it suggests Betsey Trotwood at every turn, and contains interesting mementos of the novelist.

As B. W. Matz wrote in these pages forty-one years ago, no town in the country, apart from London and Rochester, is so intimately connected with Dickens. He spent summer or autumn holidays here,

almost without a break, from 1837 until 1851. He loved the place, as is demonstrated again and again in his letters. Of this long association, Mr. Matz wrote exhaustively in *The Dickensian* (1908, p. 148). The present occasion must not, however, be allowed to pass without another telling of the story of Dickens in Broadstairs.

Apart from Mary Strong and her house, which he afterwards transferred to Dover, Dickens does not mention Broadstairs in any of his novels, but he painted an admirable picture of it under the title of *Our English Watering Place*. This was written about the time that he was writing *David Copperfield*, published in *Household Words* and will be found in *Reprinted Pieces*. This must be read as a whole ; quotations would be quite inadequate. There the charm of the little bay, with its curious wooden jetty, is admirably drawn. Visitors to-day are amazed that so much of this charm survives. I know of no other seaside town that so perfectly preserves the atmosphere of a Victorian resort. When Dickens first knew it in the thirties its fashionable era had closed, and he makes great fun with its faded glories in *Our English Watering Place*.

Dickens first came to Broadstairs in 1837. In that same year there came also another and anonymous visitor who kept a careful diary of his visit. This diary has found its way into the possession of Dr. Hugh Raven, the President of the Broadstairs Branch of the Fellowship, to whom I am indebted for my use of it. It presents a picture of the life of the town which closely resembles that drawn by Dickens in his *Household Words* paper. The visitor brought his family down from London Bridge to Ramsgate in a paddle-steamer with a high funnel, *The Duchess of Kent*, the fare being six shillings and sixpence. The passage occupied seven hours, and the travellers were sustained by cold beef and mutton, porter, ale, stout and brandy. Ducks were available but considered too expensive. (Dickens almost invariably travelled by this route.) The diarist makes mention of the library and its raffles, of which we read in the Dickens paper. There is an account of the dances at the "Assembly Rooms," " a handsome room seventy to eighty feet long . . . with a pidgeon hole for the music, chandoliers, benches and all that sort of thing," which stood next to the library and remains to this day as a restaurant, a few doors from Betsey Trotwood's cottage. The band which consisted of " two violins, a harp and a nondescript genius who plays the clarionet, flagiolet, castonettes, triangle, key-bugle and French-horn with an occasional touch of the big drum," was silent by 1850, for Dickens tells us that dances were by that time only less likely than " red-hot cannon balls " in Broadstairs. The library next door was the Royal Kent Library, the subscription books of which show that Dickens was a reader in 1837 and 1840. In *Our English Watering Place*, Julia Mills is reintroduced from *David Copperfield*, to record on the margins of the novels borrowed from the library, her emotional reactions to the more romantic crises of the plots.

On September 3rd, 1837, Dickens wrote from No. 12 High Street, to Forster : "I am much better and hope to begin *Pickwick* No. 18 tomorrow." This portion of the story consisted of the journey to Birmingham, the re-introduction of Pott and Slurk and the immersion of Stiggins in the horse-trough. No. 12 is now known as No. 31, and bears a tablet recording Dickens's stay. The lower portion has been converted into a fishmonger's shop, but it is fortunate that it has survived at all, for it stands in the narrowest part of the High Street and, for that reason, has many times been threatened with demolition. Forster must have visited him here, for in 1839 we find Dickens writing to his friend, reminding him of the " Albion Hotel where we had that merry night two years ago."

In his diary for September 3rd, 1839, Dickens records that he "took a little house commanding a beautiful sea view, for one month, £21. The darlings came down from town this afternoon. Miss Rainforth and her father and mother (whom we discovered on board yesterday) lodging close to us." The house in question was No. 40 Albion Street, (now No. 6) which, years later, was incorporated in the Albion Hotel, then known as Ballards. A tablet on it records Dickens's several holidays there both when it was a private house and later when it became part of the hotel. During this first stay in 1839, he wrote the concluding portion of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

He was at Broadstairs again in 1840 for a month, from the beginning of June. He wrote to Beard from 37 Albion Street: "The sea is rolling away, like nothing but the sea, in front of the house, and there

Betsey Trotwood's House.

are two pretty little spare bedrooms waiting to be occupied." During this month he began Part 15 of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and wrote to Forster that Nell and her grandfather had begun their journey. At the end of August he returned for five weeks when he had hoped to secure Fort House but had to be content with Lawn House. From there he wrote on September 2nd to Forster: "I have been at work of course and have just finished a number. I have effected a reform by virtue of which we breakfast at a quarter before eight, so that I get to work at half-past and am commonly free by one o'clock or so, which is a great happiness. Dick is now Sampson's clerk, and I have touched Miss Brass in No. 25, lightly, but effectively I hope . . ."

In June 1841 he was at Broadstairs again, probably at Lawn House, to which house he also returned in August. We then find him writing to Forster about the progress of *Barnaby Rudge*, and to Cattermole, one of the artists who was illustrating it. At this time was written one of the most charming of the many joyous descriptions of Broadstairs: "It is the brightest day you ever saw. The sun is sparkling on the water so that I can hardly bear to look at it. The tide is in, and the fishing boats are dancing like mad. Upon the green topped cliffs the corn is cut and piled in shocks; and thousands of butterflies are fluttering about, taking the bright little flags at the mast-heads for

flowers, and panting with delight accordingly. (Here the inimitable, unable to resist the brilliancy out of doors, breaketh off, rusheth to the machines, and plungeth into the sea. Returning he proceedeth): . . . " A few days later he wrote that he had finally made up his mind to visit America.

From a letter to Beard in July, 1842, we learn that he took " last year's house " for August and September, during which period his letters tell much of the writing of *American Notes*, and in the late summer of the following year we find him writing what is perhaps the best of all his letters describing his life at Broadstairs. It was written to his American friend Felton, but from which house is uncertain, probably 40 Albion Street: " This is a little fishing-place; intensely quiet; built on a cliff, whereon—in the centre of a tiny semicircular bay—our house stands; the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands (you've heard of the Goodwin Sands ?) whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark, as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants. Also there is a big lighthouse called the North Foreland on a hill behind the village, a severe parsonic light, which reproves the young and giddy floaters, and stares out grimly upon the sea. Under the cliffs are rare good sands, where all the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications, which the sea throws down again at high water. Old gentlemen and ancient ladies flirt after their own manner in two reading-rooms and on a great many scattered seats in the open air. Other old gentlemen look all day through telescopes and never see anything. In a bay-window in a one-pair sits, from nine o'clock till one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz. At one he disappears, and presently emerges from a bathing machine, and may be seen—a kind of salmon-coloured porpoise—splashing about in the ocean. After that he may be seen in another bay-window on the ground floor, eating a strong lunch; after that, walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back in the sand reading a book. Nobody bothers him unless they know he is disposed to be talked to; and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they *do* say is a small fortune to the innkeeper who sells beer and cold punch. But this is mere rumour. Sometimes he goes up to London (eighty miles, or so, away), and then I'm told there is a sound at Lincoln's Inn Fields at night, as of men laughing together with a clinking of knives and forks and wineglasses."

Switzerland claimed Dickens in 1844, but he was at Broadstairs in the following year, when he stayed at the Albion Hotel. In 1846 he again spent his holiday in Switzerland, returning to Broadstairs in 1847, when he spent the whole summer at Chandos Place, either at No. 1 or No. 6. Chandos Place is now incorporated in Victoria Parade.

By that time the town was becoming increasingly popular, and we get the first hint that the noise, in the holiday season, was too insistent during his working hours. He writes amusingly enough to Miss Power, of a circus and its lion-taming heroine to whom attention is drawn by " a rustic keeper who speaks through his nose [and] exclaims 'Behold the abazid power of woobad !' " but to Forster: " Vagrant music is getting to that height here, and is so impossible to be escaped from, that I fear Broadstairs and I must part company in time to come. Unless it pours with rain, I cannot write half-an-hour without the most excruciating organs, fiddles, bells or glee-singers. There is a violin of the most torturing kind under the window now (time, ten in the morning) and an Italian box of music on the steps—both in full blast. . . ." *Dombey and Son* was occupying him at that time and needed much concentration.

However the charm still worked, for in the July of the following year he wrote to Beard that: "We have, for a novelty, fixed as our autumnal abiding-place, on (I must go overleaf to write it) BROADSTAIRS !!" He stayed in Chandos Place that year, and wrote *The Haunted Man*.

In July, 1849, he was again at the Albion, whence he wrote to Leech: "I am still of opinion that Broadstairs beats all watering places into what the Americans call 'sky-blue fits'," but in the autumn he tried Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. It was too relaxing, however, and a rapid transfer to the Albion at Broadstairs was accomplished, and Forster was told: "There has been a trifle of rain here—a spot or two. But to-day is one of the most wonderful and charming days I ever saw, the air so brisk and bracing as it is nowhere but at Broadstairs—the Channel so busy and alive with shipping as it is nowhere but off Broadstairs—the hotel is cosy and like a private house as it is nowhere

Fort House, Broadstairs, before alteration.

but in Broadstairs—everything as nothing is out of Broadstairs. Veeve la Broadstairs."

Then, in July, 1850, he wrote exultantly to Beard that at long last he had obtained his heart's desire; he had taken Fort House until the end of October. This house is still the most prominent house in the town, but it has been extended so much since Dickens's day as to be scarcely recognisable. That part which Dickens knew still remains, and the owner, Mr. Albert Batchelor, kindly promises that visitors to Conference this year will have a chance of seeing it. Long after Dickens's death it was foolishly renamed Bleak House, but of course it has nothing to do with the novel of that name, which was written long after its author had ceased to go to Broadstairs. The house bears a handsome plaque with a bust of Dickens. From here on August 27th he wrote to Wills, his assistant editor on *Household Words*, "I have been in a kind of prostrated condition, as to any power of thinking about anything, since I finished my last *Copperfield*. Consequently, what I am to do for H.W. is still a sheet of blank paper. I suppose (like Mr. Micawber) that something will turn up." He took the house again from May till October in 1851. In June of that year he wrote to Miss Coutts: "Broadstairs is charming. The green corn growing, and the larks singing and the sea sparkling, all in their best manner," but

it proved to be the last regular visit. Thereafter there are only two visits to be traced, both to the Albion, in the summer of 1859, although on the second occasion he wrote to his daughters a most amusing description of a demonstration of mesmerism at the Assembly Rooms, quite in his best *Our English Watering Place* manner.

It was in 1908 that the Dickens Fellowship erected tablets upon 31 High Street, the Albion Hotel, Lawn House and Betsey Trotwood's house. Fort House was already thus distinguished. The day of unveilings saw the town *en fête*, and much excitement prevailed.

Members of the Fellowship who make the pilgrimage to Broadstairs in May will thus be surrounded by memories and memorials of the author.

This article, written specially to add, if possible, to the enjoyment of that pilgrimage, cannot do better than conclude by quoting a letter of Dickens which will be found preserved in the sun-lounge of his beloved Albion Hotel: "... dont forget ... our Broadstairs engagement, to which I hold you bound. A good sea—fresh breezes—fine sands and pleasant walks—with all manner of fishing boats, lighthouses, piers, bathing-machines and so forth are its only attractions, but it's one of the freshest and freest little places in the world, consequently the proper place for you."

LITERARY LONDON

Everyone interested in London history is already under obligation to William Kent for about ten books on the subject. At any rate, ten are named in his new volume—there may quite possibly be more, for Mr. Kent does not name all his books in this list. Now another work, *London for the Literary Pilgrim* (Rockcliff, 21s.) has to be added and it is as welcome as the others.

In passing it is pleasant to note that in the recent dearth of London guide-books, Mr. Kent's *London for Everyman*, was the first to make its reappearance; it is an admirable book in which Dickens finds the place which is his due.

The new volume consists of more than two hundred pages devoted to the great and the less in English Literature, arranged alphabetically, giving concise details of the tangible memorials of each which are still to be seen in London.

Dickens receives more space than most; four pages. But the claim that all the Dickens memorials in London survived the *blitz* is not quite correct. The sculptured figures and plaques which commemorated Dickens's use of the Saracen's Head entirely disappeared, and the stone commemorating Tavistock House was broken and removed, temporarily, it is hoped. And no mention is made of the tablet on Wellington House Academy.

There is an introductory chapter on literary pilgrimages which demonstrates an attractive bias towards Dickensian lore, and an appendix dealing with London's four literary shrines, which includes an admirable account of the history and contents of the Dickens House. There is in this section, however, some mention of Mrs. Perugini which calls for comment in *The Dickensian*. Mrs. Perugini was unable to be present at the opening of the Dickens House in 1925 for the good and sufficient reason that by that time she was confined to her room which she never again left. As for her "divulgence that was to damage her father's reputation as a man," the evidence of the sole witness in support of this statement is entirely unacceptable to The Dickens Fellowship. We prefer to accept her personal testimony to her love and admiration for her father, which she expressed to us on countless occasions. To doubt her sincerity is, to us, unthinkable. L. C. S.

THE OXFORD DICKENS

The third volume of the Oxford Dickens has appeared, *Bleak House* (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxf. Uni. Press, 10/6). The praise awarded to its predecessors is equally deserved by the new volume. The quality of the reproduction of the so-called *dark plates* is remarkably good. The new introduction is the work of Sir Osbert Sitwell. The edition reflects the greatest credit upon its historic publishers. L. C. S.

QUESTIONS ON *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

By J. CRUMP

Answers on page 103.

1. What was the Cherub's full name ?
2. Where was the " temporary residence " of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle ?
3. How much did the pills cost, which Mr. Twemlow took " as a precautionary measure in connection with the pleasures of the table " ?
4. What was the age of Fascination Fledgeby, and of what did his breakfast consist ?
5. What were some type of beggars doing " when a gifted friend happening to look in, said, " Write immediately to Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire " ?
6. How long had Mr. J. Harmon been out of England, and how much did he bring back with him ?
7. What kind of man was Jenny Wren's grandfather ?
8. Who were the three hobgoblins at Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles, and on what did they feast ?
9. In what light did Mrs. Sprodgkin look on tea and sugar ?
10. What was Mrs. Veneering's Christian name, and Mrs. Lammle's maiden name ?
11. What steeped Twemlow's soul in confusion ?
12. How was Sloppy named, and in what respect was he " indiscreetly candid " ?
13. What are the Christian names of Mrs. Milvey, Mrs. Boffin and Mrs. Lammle ?
14. In what way was Mrs. Higden specifically " strong of purpose " ?

15. How many teeth got " inside the coffee pot at breakfast-time " ? What kind were they ?
16. How many children had the Rev. Frank Milvey, and how did he " eke out his scanty means " ?
17. How much was Mr. Rokesmith's rent ?
18. What was Mrs. Riderhood's fatal illness, and what was her " last intelligible communication " ?
19. How was the orphan stock affected by being enquired after, and how did parents rig the market ?
20. What was the riddle without an answer that Eugene Wrayburn gave up ?
21. Which lady wanted Veneering in Parliament, and what was to happen to the £5,000 he was to lay down ?
22. Who came upon Twemlow too late in life ?
23. What was Mr. Podsnap's time-table for the day ?
24. How did Mr. Wegg " look after himself " ?
25. Who called Mr. Fledgeby " a highly offensive scoundrel," and what part of his anatomy did he desire ?
26. What peculiar mistake did Dickens make in Book IV, Chapter XII, concerning Mrs. John Harmon's baby ?

NOTES ON *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*

By T. W. HILL

Introductory

Nicholas Nickleby was begun on February 6th, 1838, the eve of Dickens's twenty-sixth birthday, while *Oliver Twist* was still uncompleted. He had made, with Hablot Browne (" Phiz "), what he called a " pilgrimage to the cheap schools of Yorkshire (a mighty secret, of course)," and on his way north met a queer old lady who was the mistress of one of the schools, a boy in which was receiving from his father by letter a reprimand for " refusing to eat boiled meat." On arriving at Greta Bridge he met Shaw, the schoolmaster. On the day of his return to London he wrote the first pages while his impressions were still fresh. (See Letters and Diary.)

The subject must have been simmering in Dickens's mind for a long time before its actual appearance. In the preface he says he first heard of the Yorkshire schools and their horrors while he was still a child of under ten years of age at Chatham, and that the book was the fulfilment of a burning desire to expose them. These schools had been flourishing long enough ; in 1775, sixty years before *Nicholas Nickleby*, an advertisement appeared in the London newspapers stating that the school-terms were £12 a year, and in 1776 Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice, whose house was burned down by the Gordon Rioters in 1780 (see *Barnaby Rudge*), had tried a Yorkshire Schoolmaster for ill-treatment of his pupils.

The first chapter can be compared with the first chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, as both deal with genealogy treated with the dry humour so characteristic of Dickens, but in quite a different way. The Crummles episodes, as in the case of Private Theatres in *Sketches by Boz* and the adventures of Mr. Wopsle as Waldengarver in *Great Expectations*, show Dickens's intimate acquaintance with the theatre behind the scenes.

The London topography and life in the metropolis are well worth studying : it is the city of a century ago.

In *Pickwick Papers* there were eight interpolated stories, each as long as a Sketch by Boz ; in this book there are only two, and never again did Dickens resort to this method of filling out his novels.

Chapter I

1. FIVES COURT. Fives is a game played in a court against a wall. The derivation of the name is quite unknown ; the suggestion has been made that, as the ball is struck by the hand, Fives may be an allusion to the five fingers (*cf.* " bunch of fives ") but this has never been established and it is generally discredited.

2. A SILVER SPOON. To be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth, in allusion to baby feeding, is an expression denoting affluence or under lucky auspices. (Mr. Bounderby in *Hard Times* went further when he described pampered luxury as being fed upon turtle and venison with a *gold* spoon.)

3. ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY. Founded 1774.

4. THE FARM. In the first edition of the book Nicholas is the heir to " one thousand and the farm ; if indeed that can be called a farm, which, exclusive of house and paddock, is about the size of Russell Square, measuring from the street-doors of the houses." The size of Russell Square is about 10 acres ; later editions of the novel amend the sentence to read : " one thousand and the farm, which was as small a landed estate as one would desire to see."

5. SLATE-PENCIL AND MARBLES. These mediums of youthful commercial transactions would be more difficult to come by nowadays as marbles are

nearly obsolete and slate-pencils practically disappeared when slates were abolished as unhygienic about forty years ago.

6. FOURTEEN AS NEAR AS WE CAN GUESS. Until the " passing of the new act " (1836) when registration of births became obligatory the Parish Registers were the only means of knowing any one's age.

Chapter II

1. MODEL OF AN INFANT'S FIST. At one time it was common for the handle of a bell-pull to be in the form of a tiny brass hand grasping a billet.

2. MOURNFUL STATUE. This figure of George II in Roman costume (by Van Nost, 1753) may have looked " mournful " when it was " the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs " but the square has for many years been better cared for and the statue painted from time to time ; it is now more cheerful-looking, although perhaps a trifle lonely.

3. SPENCER. A short double-breasted overcoat without tails affected by the 2nd Earl Spencer (1758-1834). Women and children also wear an adaptation of the garment—a kind of closely-fitting jacket or bodice.

4. SMALL-PLAITED SHIRT FRILL. A shirt frill with narrow pleats no longer fashionable, although very old-fashioned gentlemen could occasionally be met wearing them as late as 1900.

5. LONDON TAVERN. This at one time well-known inn stood in Bishopsgate Street ; it was pulled down some years ago. A good account of it appears in B. W. Matz's *Dickensian Inns and Taverns*, 1822. The site is now covered by Lloyd's Bank.

6. CROCKFORD'S ALL NIGHT. This club occupied the site on which the Devonshire Club now stands in St. James's Street. It was noted for its elegant cuisine and for the high play at its card tables. Theodore Hook, forbidden by his doctor to expose himself to the *night* air, used to stay there " till about four or five in the morning."

7. TACKING ACROSS THE ROAD. A truly Dickensian analogy for a *fleet* of sandwichmen looking like sailing vessels in line ahead.

8. GO THE EXTREME ANIMAL. A circumlocutory way of saying " go the whole hog." Such periphrasis was at one time not uncommon in a certain type of journalism : G. A. Sala wrote of " his incarnadined proboscis " when he meant his red nose ; and Scott occasionally indulged in the practice : " His legs curved outwards into that make which is more convenient for horseback than elegant in a pedestrian " when he might have told the reader quite as much by writing " he was bandy." (From *Quentin Durward.*)

Chapter III

1. STRETCH A POINT. Since the sixteenth century to stretch a point is to do more than one is bound to do ; always a difficult process as Euclid says that a point " has neither size nor magnitude."

2. YOU MAY THANK YOUR STARS. In Astrology one's star is the heavenly body under whose influence one is born. To " thank your star " is equivalent to saying that there is no personal credit.

3. SARACEN'S HEAD. An inn dating from medieval times ; it is said to have got its name after King Richard I's return from a crusade in 1194. Burnt down in the Great Fire of London, it was rebuilt, and lasted till 1863 when it was demolished to make room for the construction of Holborn Viaduct. It was again rebuilt as a tavern ; was closed as an inn in 1912 when it became the property of a manufacturer of leather goods, the old coffee room being adapted as a showroom. Seven regular coaches, each with a representation of the inn-sign on the boot, used the Saracen's Head as a starting place ; that patronised by Squeers was probably the " Post," which left every morning for Carlisle *via* Greta Bridge.

Chapter IV

1. SNOW HILL. Known formerly as Snower or Snore Hill (Stowe), it ran steeply and rather circuitously from Newgate Street to the Holborn Bridge across the Fleet River, and was the main highway to the west. In 1802 Newgate Street was extended in a direct line to Holborn Bridge under

the name of Skinner Street. When Holborn Viaduct was constructed across the valley in 1863-69, the whole district was replanned and reconstructed; Snow Hill was side-passed, widened and rebuilt.

2. THE COMPTER. A debtor's prison in Giltspur Street, West Smithfield. It is like Dickens to include close proximity to a debtors' prison as a sort of reason for using the conveniences of the Saracen's Head.

3. HALF-BOOTS. Boots reaching about half-way up the calf of the leg. Sometimes called Bluchers as boots of this type were affected by the Prussian Field-Marshal von Blücher.

4. BEGGAR'S PETITION IN PRINTED CALICO. This was one of the handkerchiefs that used to be quite common; they were intended for children's use and bore moral tales, poems, maps and other educational matter: some were printed in colours. The "Beggar's Petition" by Thomas Moss (1740-1828) was a favourite, and the complete poem is reproduced in *The Dickensian*, 1913, page 230.

5. TIMES, ETC. Dickens with his usual care does not include any newspapers that were not available at the date of the story. The *Times* was founded in 1788, the *Morning Post* in 1772, the *Morning Chronicle* in 1770, the *Morning Herald* in 1781, and the *Morning Advertiser* in 1794.

6. PORSON. Richard Porson (1759-1806) was one of our greatest Greek scholars and was Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University. He was of dilatory and intemperate habits and slovenly in personal appearance.

7. DOCTOR JOHNSON. His personal appearance and oddities are so well known through Boswell that they need not be particularised.

CHAPTER V

1. MEETING AT EXETER HALL. This hall was built in the Strand in 1831 for religious and scientific assemblies, performances of oratorios, "May meetings," and other educational purposes. In 1880 it became the property of the Y.M.C.A., but was pulled down in 1907 to make room for the Strand Palace Hotel.

2. NEEDS MUST . . . WHEN SOMEBODY DRIVES. The original of this pseudo-proverb can be traced back to Lydgate (*circa* 1420) in "The Assembly of Gods":

> "For hit ys oft seyde by hem that yet lyues
> He must nedys go that the deuell dryues."

It also appears in Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well" (Act I, sc. 3):

> "He must needs go that the devil drives."

Surtees in "Sponge's Sporting Tour" (1853) adopts a periphrasis in the Dickens manner:

> "Needs must when a certain gentleman drives."

3. PEACOCK, ISLINGTON. This inn, where the coach stopped to pick up a passenger, was once a great coaching centre, but has now utterly vanished.

4. ETON SLOCOMBE. A thinly-veiled disguise to emphasise the unprogressive sleepiness of the village of Eaton Socon in Bedfordshire, 55 miles from London.

CHAPTER VI

1. ST. MARY'S ABBEY. The ruins of this great Benedictine abbey lie just outside the city wall and near York Minster which is within the city boundary. It was founded in 1074; after the dissolution it began to fall into ruin and the process was accelerated by the guns of the Parliamentarians during the Civil War in the seventeenth century. It will be noted that although the "five sisters" were tenants of the abbey, they were not buried within the abbey but in the Minster.

2. TIME PASSED AWAY. An ingenious adaptation of Psalm XC, v. 9: "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

3. WATERS OF LETHE. A river in the underworld, the waters of which, when drunk by the souls of the dead, gave them, as a prelude to their entry into the Elysian Fields, entire forgetfulness of all they had done on earth; in fact, blotted out the past.

4. NIMROD OR GILLINGWATER. The collocation of these two names is typical of Dickens as well as topical. NIMROD is, of course, the "mighty

hunter before the Lord " of Genesis X, 9. GILLINGWATER was a perfumier and hair-dresser in Bishopsgate Street Without, London, who kept a few young bears in the basement of his shop, and used to advertise in the shop-window, " Another young bear slaughtered this day." Hence Dickens's " slaughtered ' another fine bear '." (*Dickensian* 1920). It seems probable that Gillingwater made his own bear's grease, the fashionable dressing of the period for men's hair. In Highgate cemetery is the family vault of a Gillingwater who is known to have been connected with perfumery and who knew Dickens.

5. CORNED THEM IN SALT TEARS. It has been suggested that " corned " is a misprint for " covered," but as Dickens did not correct or alter the word when he revised the whole text of his novels in 1867, he probably used the word intentionally. Corned means salted or pickled in corns, *i.e* grains of salt. (cf. corned beef, corned mutton.)

6. TILL ALL AS WAS BLUE. Nowadays this phrase is used for an undefined period in the future. In the seventeenth century it was used of excessive tipplers who " drink untill their adle heads doe make the ground seeme blew vnto them." In 1867 Smith's *Sailor's Word-Book* gives : " Till all's blue : carried to the utmost—a phrase borrowed from the idea of a vessel making out of port and getting into blue water."

7. SIX O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT. Nicholas took two days to reach Yorkshire travelling all night, including the long stop when the coach broke down. He nearly reached Grantham, 110 miles the first day, and the next day covered about 100 miles ; in Chapter VIII the total distance is said to be " two hundred and odd miles." This may be compared with Dickens's own performance when he did the journey with Hablot Browne in preparation for the book. He reached Grantham, 110 miles, at 9 p.m. the first day, started again at 7 the next morning and arrived at Greta Bridge at 11 p.m

CHAPTER VII

1. SILVER STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE. Now re-named Beak Street. The Crown where Newman Noggs was known, has been pulled down and rebuilt.

CHAPTER VIII

1. AIRY NOTHINGS. An ingenious idea that dreams should whisper in men's ears. It applies to Shakespeare's conception :

> " As imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name."
>
> (" Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V, sc. 1).

2. PART AND PARCEL. Part and parcel each meaning a portion, the use of the two words gives emphasis. In the Act of Parliament 27 Hen. VIII (1535-36) Chapter II reads : " This present Act and euery part and parcel thereof shall . . . ."

3. BEAVER BONNET. Beaver fur was a favourite cover for hats and bonnets. There was a hat-shop on Islington Green bearing a notice " Old Hats Beavered " ; this shop can be seen in old views of Islington.

4. FIDDLESTICKS. In addition to being the name of a violin, fiddle also carries the meaning of trifling or fidgetty, probably from the rapid motion of the bow in complicated passages of music. Hence fiddlesticks became an impatient interjection meaning nonsense, something insignificant or absurd.

5. BRIMSTONE MORNING. Brimstone (sulphur) mixed with treacle was once a popular, and rather repellent, medicine for cleansing the system, but it is now considered much too drastic and milder remedies are used.

6. INTELLECTS. The plural form of intellect used to be current as a synonym for the five senses.

7. FUSTIAN SHOOTING JACKET. Fustian, formerly a coarse dress material of cotton and flax, was made at one time at Fostat, near Cairo, Egypt, from which it gets its name. The name is now given to a twilled cotton cloth with a short pile or nap.

8. JUVENILE SON AND HEIR. Young Wackford could not have been more than nine or ten years of age, judging from this and other passages in the book. Fanny was twenty-two (Chapter IX) and Squeers senior was fifty-two (Chapter IV).

9. SOME SAVAGES SWALLOW EARTH. Probably a "traveller's tale." It is well authenticated that uncivilised peoples, during times of scarcity of their normal food, can and do manage to eke out a precarious existence by grubbing for roots and insects to fill the aching void, and the action might be mistaken for that of taking handfuls of earth and transferring them to the mouth.

10. WEEDING THE GARDEN. After a downfall of snow and during a frost so hard that the pump is frozen ! A few sentences earlier it is said that the first boy is cleaning the back parlour window. In *Oliver Twist* (Chapter VII) a dying Dick at Mrs. Mann's was weeding the garden at 8 o'clock on a winter's morning.

11. B—O—T, BOT ; T—I—N, TIN ; N—E—Y, NEY ; BOTTINEY. A very old-fashioned method of teaching spelling (ignoring the inaccuracy) now happily obsolete, and replaced by a phonetic system. Neither Squeers himself nor his daughter Fanny was strong in orthography, although it is one of the subjects mentioned in his advertisement.

10. MOBB'S MOTHER-IN-LAW. Dickens uses nearly always "in-law" where we should say "step." Here is evidence that the Yorkshire schools were often the recipients of children unwanted by step-parents. It will be recalled that Snawley's two boys were his step-sons.

11. VITTLES. An unnecessary phonetic rendering of the correct pronunciation of the word "victuals."

CHAPTER IX

1. WHO ELSE. Whom, of course. Squeers was following the bad example of his wife in the previous sentence ; but there, Squeers boasted of being no grammarian.

2. HE'S A FONDLING. Fondling, perhaps carrying a double meaning, was the common Cockney pronunciation of foundling a century ago.

3. ALL THE SAME A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE. A very old expression ; it will be found in the Bagford Ballads 1675. "For 'tis all one a hundred years hence."

4. TO LEARN THE BOYS. Another example of Squeer's illiteracy ; the use of learn for teach was quite obsolete even in his day, and only now survives in Cockney dialect : "I'll learn ye." It's ancient use can be found in Ben Jonson, and in Shakespeare :

> "Learn me the proclamation."
> ("Troilus and Cressida," Act II, Sc. 1).

5. FORTY BOYS. Squeers was therefore receiving in fees £21 × 40, that is £840, equal to at least £2,500 a year in modern money. (See also Chapter XXXIV : "There's youth to the amount of eight hundred pound a year at Dotheboy's Hall at this present time.")

6. A HARD OR SOFT NIB. The point or nib of a quill pen could be made hard or soft by making the slit in it short or long.

7. DUTCH CLOCK. Dutch is a corruption of Deutsch ; these clocks, made to hang on a wall, were made in the Black Forest. They had wooden works and the numerals on the face were of white bone. They were imported in large numbers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries owing to their cheapness.

8. SPECULATION. One of the round or family card games that Dickens knew and in which he excelled. The course of the play is very accurately described.

9. YOU'LL HAVE A BAD WIFE. Dean Swift, in his "Polite Conversations" (1738) also alludes to the old adage "Lucky at cards, unlucky in love," when he writes : "Well, Miss, you'll have a sad husband ; you have such good luck at cards."

(To be concluded)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

See page 97.

1. It was Mr. Reginald Wilfer (Book I, Ch. IV).
2. At Sackville Street, Piccadilly (Book II, Ch. IV).
3. "Price, one and a penny halfpenny, government stamp included" (Book III, Ch. XVII).
4. The fascinating lad was "but three and twenty." His sumptuous breakfast was "one scanty pot of tea, one scanty loaf, two scanty pats of butter, two scanty rashers of bacon, and two pitiful eggs." (Book II, Ch. V).
5. "They were partaking of a cold potato and water by the flickering and gloomy light of a lucifer match" (Book I, Ch. XVII).
6. He had been away for 14 years, and brought back £700 (Book I, Ch. II and III).
7. He was "the drunken old chap in a pair of list slippers and a nightcap, wot had offered . . . to make a hole in the water for a quartern of rum" (Book I, Ch. III). We are told of his relationship to Jenny in Book II, Ch. I.
8. They were Bella, her father and John Harmon. They feasted on a cottage loaf and a pennyworth of milk each (Book III, Ch. XVI).
9. She regarded tea in the light of myrrh, and sugar in the light of frankincense (Book IV, Ch. XI).
10. Anastatia. Akershem (Book I, Ch. X).
11. Whether he were really Veneering's oldest or newest friend (Book I, Ch. II).
12. He was named Sloppy, because he was found on a sloppy night. He was indiscreetly candid in the revelation of buttons (Book I, Ch. XVI).
13. Margaretta, Henrietty, and Sophronia.
14. In fleeing from paralysis and pauperism (Book II, Ch. XIV).
15. Two molars (Book I, Ch. VII).
16. Half a dozen. By teaching, and translating from the classics (Book I, Ch. IX).
17. Eight sovereigns per quarter (Book I, Ch. IV).
18. "Dropsical conditions of snuff and gin." The secret existence of a capital of fifteen shillings in a pillow (Book II, Ch. XII).
19. The orphan changed from being at 5000% discount to being at 5000% premium before noon. Parents "fraudulently represented themselves as dead, and brought their orphans with them" (Book I, Ch. XVI).
20. Wrayburn himself is the riddle (Book II, Ch. VI).
21. Britannia. It was to "disappear by magical conjuration and enchantment" (Book II, Ch. III).
22. Veneering (Book II, Ch. III).
23. It was to get up at eight, to shave close at a quarter past, to breakfast at nine, to go to the City at ten, to come home at half-past five, and to dine at seven (Book I, Ch. XI).
24. By enquiring after his leg at Mr. Venus' shop (Book I, Ch. VII).
25. Mr. Lammle. He desired Mr. Fledgeby to "give me your nose, sir" (Book II, Ch. V).
26. We are told in Ch. V of Book IV of Bella's approaching motherhood. In Ch. XII the narrative says "the earth moved round the sun a certain number of times, the ship . . . brought a baby Bella home." Now the earth takes one year to move round the sun. Truly the "world might have been challenged to produce such another baby."

HUGH WALPOLE

Lovers of Walpole should be glad to have a specially interesting short story of his which appeared in volume form at Christmas: *Mr. Huffam* (Macmillan, 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is a charming Dickensian fantasy which we found delightful when it first appeared in the Christmas Number of the *Strand Magazine* in 1933. The present volume which takes its name from this story includes several other short stories by the same author.

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke.

From a pencil sketch by Emma Novello, 1863,
by courtesy of Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press.

THE COWDEN CLARKES

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke are not obvious subjects for a modern biographer, so that Richard D. Altick's new book (*The Cowden Clarkes*, Geoffrey Cumberlege, Ox. Uni. Press, 18s.) is all the more welcome. There was nothing eventful or exciting about the lives of this typically Victorian couple but the story makes very pleasant reading. It is indeed pleasant in these times to read of such unalloyed happiness which was lived against a background of leisured and stable literary society. The secret of their happiness was hard work, and plenty of it, undertaken together, for its own sake and for each other.

They knew almost everyone in the literary and musical circles of their day which was a long one. Charles was born in 1787 and was his wife's senior by twenty-two years. She died in 1898, so that the span of their joint years covered over a century.

Mary was a member of the famous musical Novello family and Charles, when he joined the circle, became almost a Novello himself. They married in 1828 and from that date until Charles's death in 1877, their life was cloudless. They worked hard and regularly, sitting side by side at the same desk. Her great enthusiasm was, of course, Shakespeare and for thirteen years she toiled on her monumental *Concordance* to the plays. This brought her considerable fame and was followed by other works in the same field. The *Concordance* may be said to have been superseded, but it is pioneer work and is still immensely useful and as a faithful Dickensian, I, for one, would use no other.

Charles was the son of Keats's schoolmaster at Enfield. He was the poet's first mentor and was the means of introducing him to Leigh Hunt, for whom both he and his future wife had unbounded admiration.

When Dickens was organising his theatrical company to tour the country with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he chanced to meet Mary Cowden Clarke and complimented her not only upon the *Concordance* but upon her performance of Mrs. Malaprop in some private theatricals, of which he had heard excellent accounts. Emboldened by his kindly interest she promptly begged to be allowed to play Mrs. Quickly in his forthcoming production.* This she did, and it is to her account of this noteworthy enterprise, that we owe nearly all we know of it. She also played Mrs. Tib in *Everyman in His Humour*, and at the Dickens House may be seen the original painting by Augustus Egg, of Dickens and Mary Cowden Clarke in *Used Up*. She told the full story in her *Recollections of Writers*, which she published, after her husband's death, in 1878. Her admiration for Dickens knew no bounds and his letters to her were full of the warmest friendship. The memory of those tours was treasured all her life and she loved to tell of her journeyings with Dickens, his wife and Georgina Hogarth. Mary was asked to play in some of Dickens's later theatricals but to her great regret, she was unable to accept.

On the publication of *Bleak House*, Mary and some of her friends thought they could perceive a portrait of Charles in Boythorn, many of whose characteristics they considered Dickens had taken from her husband. Mr. Altick seems to accept this view, but I do not think many of his readers will. The portrait he himself paints of Cowden Clarke seems to have little resemblance to Lawrence Boythorn who, one is convinced, is a fairly faithful picture of Savage Landor.

After *Recollections of Writers*, came, in 1896, *My Long Life*, but it is to the earlier work that Dickensians are mostly indebted for a long and charming chapter upon the novelist. The Clarkes retired to the Villa Novello, at Genoa, in 1856, which remained their home to the end of their lives. Descended collaterally from their family are the theatrical families of Novello and Compton of to-day, including, of course, our Past President, Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

The combined personality of this happy pair (the phrase is apt, for their married life was one long honeymoon) emerges clearly in Mr. Altick's book in spite of the fact that he appears to be by no means always in sympathy with his subject. There is, occasionally, a distinctly satirical quality about the book which perhaps is unnecessary, for no one at this time of day is likely to over-estimate the ultimate value of much of their work. They were lesser literary luminaries who fitted nicely into the picture of their times and a study of their story, which this book so pleasantly records, will be found quite rewarding.

L. C. S.

* See frontispiece.

LONDON'S UNDERWORLD IN 1850

A cordial welcome to an abridged version of Henry Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor.** Its author was an actual contemporary of Dickens, born in the same year, 1812, and only a few months later.

Mayhew possessed a many-sided talent, being journalist, playwright, novelist, brilliant humorist, and, above all, an observant philanthropist and student of social conditions. His writings, now mostly forgotten, include books of travel, a study of the Mormons, a book of popular science, and several novels. He was practically the founder of *Punch* and its first editor, and his wisdom it was that moulded the form of clean and kindly humour that characterises that journal. But it was his love of London that dominated his life and produced books on the life of the city, especially that of the poorest classes. During the 1840's he wrote a series of articles on the occupations of the costermongers and street traders and those who worked out-of-doors and at all hours of the day and night. These articles were collected in four volumes in 1651-1862 with illustrations by A. S. Henning. The book has never been reprinted although every student of Dickens who desires to understand his pictures of folks living on the edge of poverty consults Mayhew's original work. Charles Booth, Seebohm Rowntree, William Booth and in a lesser degree George R. Sims, have told us " how the poor live " after Mayhew's time, and they have acknowledged the pioneer work done by him.

Now we of the present generation, especially Dickensians, have in one handy volume, thanks to Mr. Peter Quennell, an abridged edition of this valuable record. Only the journalistic part has been shorn away and that in the most discriminating manner, leaving the cream of the book, consisting largely of personal interviews with the subjects, for our entertainment. The style of the writing is more intimate than the objective manner of Mayhew's successors and thereby gives an interest of its own for the casual reader. Nearly all Henning's original illustrations are excellently reproduced, and, being evidently drawn from the actual people in their habit as they lived, they form a valuable portrait gallery.

The number of ways of picking up a living, or sometimes, in the words of one of them, they " don't find a living ; it's only another way of starving," in the streets is simply amazing. Mr. Quennell provides no less than eight pages for a list of the occupations, making it easy to select which one the reader may wish to read about. A special gem is a complete " script " for a Punch and Judy Show, dictated by Punch himself ; it might have been written by the firm of Codlin and Short.

Here, then, is a book that places every Dickensian under an obligation to Mr. Quennell, whose introduction is itself a little masterpiece. Read Dickens's " Streets by Morning," " Streets by Night " in *Sketches by Boz* and then turn to the List of Contents in this book and so supplement the information that Dickens gives about the coffee-stalls, etc. When you have read in *Dombey and Son* that Bob the Grinder has tossed away with a Pieman the Half-crown that Miss Tox had given him, turn to the appropriate section in Mayhew and learn all about the complete process. Mayhew's account of the Old Vic is quite as graphic as Dickens's Joe Whelks. The scenes visited by Dickens in company with Inspector Field can all be verified in Mayhew. Betty Higden started off with a basket of cottons, tapes, etc. ; Mayhew tells you whence came her stock-in-trade. There are several allusions in Dickens to the old-clothes trade in Houndsditch, Rosemary Lane and elsewhere, and Mayhew devotes several pages to the same subject. He also gives a lot of information about cage-birds such as Poll Sweedlepipe's and the obstinate little bird in " Shy Neighbourhoods " in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. You will also find something about Rogue Riderhood's profession.

There are chapters about hackney-coaches, cab-drivers, performing dogs, dancing dolls, the hurdy-gurdy man, Guy Fawkses, Jack-in-the-Green, and, indeed, it would be possible to go on adding to these instances, but enough has been written to shew that the enterprise and good judgment of Mr. Peter Quennell and the Pilot Press have provided for Dickensians an indispensable guide to a proper understanding of " how the poor lived " a hundred years ago, a guide whom they must follow if they would rightly appreciate the genius that made all these people as immortal as Dickens's fame.

T. W. H.

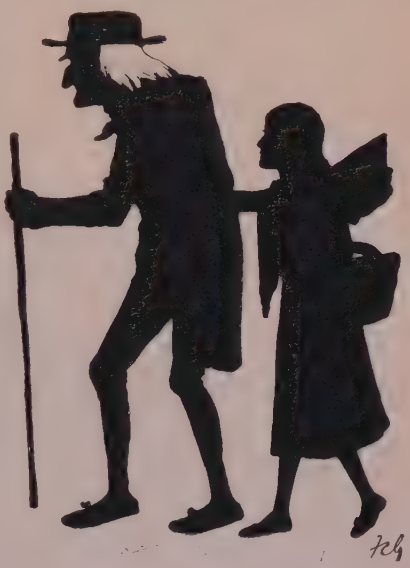
* Mayhew's London, edited by Peter Quennell, being selections from *London Labour and he London Poor*. The Pilot Press Ltd. 569 pp.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP PRODUCTION OF

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

Mrs. Jane Bacon is to be congratulated on her successful venture in presenting her adaptation of *The Old Curiosity Shop* at the Conway Hall, London, on December 10th, in aid of the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial), which benefited by £81.

Three widely differing characters dominated the play, Little Nell, Quilp, and Grandfather Trent, and certainly in this adaptation we saw them really come to life. Little Nell, as played by Diana Skinner, was a real child, and not the *goody-goody* heroine who is usually scoffed at and declared unreal. Miss Skinner played convincingly and touchingly, and with a feeling for the lines rarely found in so young an actress. It was no surprise to see Grandfather Trent come to life when the part was entrusted to Percy Merriman. His skill in portraying all the pathos, and at the same time the cunning and obstinacy of the old man was admirable. His performance will long be remembered. John Greaves, as Quilp, although not really fitting the part physically, for one imagines a much smaller man, was nevertheless a sheer delight. His laugh of fiendish glee, his grotesque make-up, his frenzies of rage, and his final despairing howl "off-stage" could not have been bettered.



The producer was happy indeed in having three such artistes to fill these leading rôles.

The cast on the whole was a strong one. Mrs. Jiniwin (Rose Smith Rose), Mrs. Simmons (Doris Day), Mrs. George (Joyce Young), taking tea with Mrs. Quilp and Sampson Brass, set the pace for the good things that were to follow. Brenda Beagley ably sustained the part of the tearful and terrified Mrs. Quilp, and Philip Arnold is to be commended for his presentation of two such diverse characters as Sampson Brass and the Schoolmaster. Ruth Whittaker, too, played two characters, Tom Scott and the Marchioness, with great skill. Her Marchioness left little to be desired. Especially one remembers the wistful smile of the poor little drudge, and the avidity with which she devoured Dick Swiveller's dinner !

If Gerry Ellis did not quite catch the gay insouciance, and the rakish airiness of the ne'er-do-well, Dick Swiveller, yet he gave a pleasant performance and showed the boyish good-nature of the lovable Dick. Nor was Joyce Young quite the terrifying manly Sally Brass of the book, physically, at least, but she gave a spirited performance, under the strain of ill-health. Codlin and Short were all that could be wished in the hands of Frederick Howland, and Vincent Sanders. Mrs. Jarley (Gertrude Heaton) was admirably convincing and pleasant good nature and kindness personified.

Anthony Young skilfully " doubled " Fred Trent and George, Mrs. Jarley's assistant, while Brian Greaves made an attractive Christopher Nubbles.

The Single Gentleman was safe with Harry Charles, and the Neighbour (Mrs. Bacon), and the children (Brian Dixon and Marylou Mersom) all added realism to the story. The waxworks, too, must be congratulated.

The settings for the play were remarkably good, and the stage properties, the work of the versatile John Greaves, deserve very special mention.

Mrs. Bacon's version of the story, although not entirely Dickens, was yet another example of her undoubted skill as an adaptor, and her highly developed sense of drama.

MARY CORNEY.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS ON THE AIR

By FRANK A. GIBSON

WITH a broadcast performance there is not the same need as with a play or film to give a detailed notice, for a broadcast can be, and, if it is at all like the B.B.C's productions of *Bleak House*, *Dombey and Son*, and *Great Expectations* probably is heard by everybody. I myself admired both the parts of Pip as boy and man, but I could not help feeling that the older Pip lacked something of the charm intended by Dickens and demanded by the plot. We cannot have the attraction of culture in Pip, and his good-hearted *gaucherie* was convincingly rendered by Cyril Cusack, but, as a previous writer has pertinently remarked in *The Dickensian*, " the accents of the so-called ' lower orders ' can be achieved, doubtless with difficulty, but still without being sickeningly ' common ' " ; the part of Mr. George in the broadcast of *Bleak House* was mentioned as an instance. Pip was not " sickeningly common," but an accent reminiscent rather of the country than of Aldgate would have made the part more sympathetic. But it is a difficult rôle, and, like all Dickens parts, must be believed in intensely. Occasionally, too, one thought the text might have been adhered to more closely. When, for instance, Pip speaks to the dying Magwitch, he says, in the book : " I must tell you, now at last." It is a small point, or, rather, comma, but was it worth while to alter the sentence to : " I must tell you now, at last " ? It is the sort of aimless improvement which Dickens might have overlooked, but which would have infuriated W. S. Gilbert in one of his operas. And, alas ! there was no reappearance of the ever-magnificent Norman Shelley as Pumblechook after Pip's fall in fortune. What treats there are in store—what larks!—for B.B.C. listeners to future Dickens broadcasts in which this fine actor will again have adequate scope.

G. K. Chesterton once complained that Dickens lovers worried their heads too much about what Dickens ate and wore and too little about what he wrote. Splendid Dickens broadcasts such as this are invaluable in correcting this tendency and sending us back to the novels to re-discover beauties and subtleties.

Take the case of Miss Havisham. This unfortunate lady has always seemed a trifle too much for mere readers, even for such a devoted and conscientious reader as John Forster, who dismisses her parenthetically with the remark that her " eccentricities " are the " unattractive part of the story." G. K. Chesterton does not mention Miss Havisham ; nor does George Gissing, except for a brief reference to her eccentricity ; nor, more recently, does Alain, the distinguished French critic, though he does point to " a feminine thesis unique in letters " when he writes that " feminine rage never before went to the pitch of bringing up a girl to make men unhappy." The view seems to be that the less said about her the better ; she is too improbable. Yet Miss Havisham is not a bit more improbable than the case mentioned in the November, 1906, issue of *The Dickensian*, or the well-authenticated case described by the late Lady Dorothy Nevill, who wrote in her *Reminiscences* of a Mr. Myers, son of one of her relatives by marriage :

> Many years ago he had taken 50 Berkeley Square, with the intention of living there with his wife, for at the time he was engaged to be married. He got the house, I believe, on very advantageous terms, as there was already some idea about that it was haunted. Be this as it may, he made every preparation to receive his bride in it—ordered furniture, carpets, pictures, china, everything—but a few days before the day fixed for the wedding the lady to whom he was engaged threw him over and married another man, which affected him so terribly as to shake his intelligence

and render him exceedingly eccentric, if not worse. He did not give up the house but remained there, leaving everything in exactly the same state as when he had heard the news which had ruined his life; the furniture was left just as it had been moved in, whilst some of the carpets were not even unrolled, and remained for years tied up just as they had left the warehouse. The whole house fell into a state of disorder and decay, nothing being ever done to it. During the day Mr. Myers (whose presence in the house was not believed in by the neighbours) remained quiescent, but at night-time he would flit about, rambling from room to room, producing in his nocturnal progress the weird sounds which occasioned so much gossip. Deserted and mournful by day, its windows black with the dust of years, the old house would occasionally appear to be lit up at the dead of night. No one was ever seen to go out of it, though coals and provisions were observed to be delivered to a servant whose reticence baffled all enquiry. As a matter of fact, I believe that Mr. Myers really did not leave the house at all for about twenty years.

Which is the more improbable—the woman whose mind became unbalanced or the man who became a ghost?

It is here that Miss Gladys Young's beautiful rendering of the part helps us as it undoubtedly would have helped Forster, Chesterton and Gissing, by recalling the change that came to Miss Havisham, a change greater and infinitely more affecting, if not more natural, than the change that came to Pickwick. It almost seems as if to Alain and the rest the poor lady was for ever grinding her teeth and weaving her fiendish plot to "make men unhappy," as undoubtedly she would have done in an inferior novel. The broadcast, faithfully rendering the book, shows her remorse to be one of the most natural as well as one of the most pathetic things in Dickens.

The whole of *Great Expectations* is natural, almost painfully natural. There is a heartache in all of it. Dickens himself must have been one of the people most disappointed if he really thought, as he wrote, that he was going to produce something "grotesque" and "singular and comic"—as his earlier works were, or even as his last great completed novel was in its creations of Wegg and Venus. Gargery, Pumblechook and Wopsle are not so lovable as Crummles, Miss Snovellicci and Noggs. We should all like to have been introduced to the latter three, but would probably have "stinted and said nay" to the even momentary boredom of an introduction to the *Great Expectations* trio. The latter are too true to be good, just as the former were too good to be true. Yet, as the finely acted and produced version of Mabel Constanduros and Howard Agg abundantly shows, the old, heart-gripping Dickens magic is there in such passages as when "Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman" and "But if you think as money can make compensation to me . . ." And these, like many other passages, were done beautifully, reproducing the full effect of the unspoken text. Yet, even allowing for this, do we really enjoy Joe, Pumblechook, Wemmick and The Aged? I do not think so; and personally the Wemmick oily orgy of tea, toast and butter does not seem to me more attractive than Chadband's similar proceeding, even though it is obviously intended to be.

This listening to Dickens in a production so excellent does indeed remind us of our remissness in reading. Superficially recalled, the firing of Wemmick's gun at the castle is a Dickensian absurdity; but the Aged's actual, exultant words "I heerd him!" reveal in a flash the very natural and human idea behind the eccentricity. The probability and humanity of Magwitch are also emphasised by the spoken word. Casually reading the book, we ask lazily whether Magwitch's gratitude is not a little improbable. Would—shall we say?—George Bernard Shaw have been so grateful to the boy he had found it necessary to frighten; would we ourselves? Of course not; we are not

Magwitch, who was as violent, incalculable and effective in his gratitude as he was in his struggle with society. We realise this from the words finely spoken by William Devlin.

But about the happy ending in *Great Expectations*, I wonder what the highly respectable Pip did about the matter of Estella's parentage on official documents. This is the only real difficulty and improbability in the whole story.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PICKWICK NOTES

SIR.—I am happy to find that my Notes have aroused interest in some of your readers, and I am especially thankful for letters from Mr. F. S. Baker, of Birmingham, and Mr. Percy Merriman, lately our Hon. Secretary, Headquarters. In view of information they have kindly communicated, I would ask readers to substitute the following Notes for those already printed :

(*a*) In the Summer Number, 1948, page 129, Chapter XXXIII :

2. BLUE BOAR, LEADENHALL MARKET. It is a matter for regret that an inn so important in the career of Tony Weller and so closely connected with the love affairs of Sam cannot be distinctly identified. " Our 'ouse " shews the loyal pride of a junior member of its establishment. There is not and never has been a Blue Boar in Leadenhall Market, but that wouldn't trouble Dickens, as in " Wapping Workhouse " (*The Uncommercial Traveller*) he speaks of the " Black or Blue Boar or Bull." in the same neighbourhood. There was a Green Dragon, now a restaurant, in Leadenhall Market, so it may be purposely disguised.

(*b*) In the December Number, 1948, page 30, Chapter L :

6. QUIET SUBSTANTIAL-LOOKING STREET. Dickens, apparently with intent, leaves Mr. Winkle's address vague, but at No. 11 Easy Row, Birmingham, and " not above five hundred yards, Sir," from the Old Royal Hotel, will be found still standing just the " old red-brick house with three steps before the door " which local Dickensians feel sure was Mr. Winkle's house. This central part of Birmingham has been much altered during the last half century, the canal has been covered in, and therefore the wharf has disappeared.

Yours faithfully,

T. W. HILL.

(See *The Dickensian*, 1948, p. 106—*Editor*).

SIR,

The Rev. Canon H. B. Freeman, for many years Canon Residentiary of Bristol Cathedral, now living in retirement at the age of 93, suggests that the following recollections may interest your readers. W. P.

" In the earlier days of my parochial visitation, during my eight years work at St. Anne's, Soho, I was occasionally brought into contact with some great personalities of the past. In Gerrard Street I have talked with the wife of the man who travelled with Charles Dickens during his last American tours, to superintend the gas fittings and arrangements for the platforms from which the novelist's famous readings were given, in the generation before the introduction of electric light. To a lover of Dickens it was most interesting to hear how particular and exact the great imaginative genius of the nineteenth century was, as to the smallest detail, the most insignificant gas jet, which could conduce to his own comfort, or to his histrionic success. But the Soho of my ministrations could bring one closer to Charles Dickens still. In the attic of one of the Shaftesbury Avenue houses lived the Mr. Scott who was the faithful and skilful valet of the great man's later life, and who accompanied him in all his travels through the American Continent. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, Scott must have 'seen and known much,' and also, like that fabled wanderer, was 'matched with an aged wife,' who, if my memory serves, always used to dress in rusty black. The smart and dexterous valet had fallen upon poor

and evil days, but it is fair to attribute some of his later troubles to the emotional and perhaps too yielding temperament of which we get hints from the many generous and almost affection references to 'Scott' in the published Letters of his master. For example, on a railway journey from New York to Boston, in 1867, we read 'Scott' was leaning his head against the side of the carriage and weeping bitterly about 'the owdacious treatment of the luggage, which was more outrageous than a man could bear.' Again, at a wretched hotel in Syracuse, U.S.A. (which they entered in a heavy thaw), where there was only a stove instead of a fireplace, and the 'rooms smelt close and sour,' and 'we had an old buffalo for supper and an old pig for breakfast,' the writer goes on to say 'Scott is in tears.' Once more at Wolverhampton, in England, where he made the mistake of mislaying three of his master's valuable 'reading copies,' for which he was never even reproached, he 'wept copiously and audibly.' Dickens always speaks of Scott in a most kindly, if sometimes amused way, and here (in a letter written to his sister-in-law from Liverpool in 1867) is as fine a testimonial as any body-servant could desire. 'Scott does very well indeed. As a dresser he is perfect. In a quarter of an hour after I go into the retiring-room where all my clothes are airing and everything is set out neatly in its own space, I am ready, and he then goes softly out and sits outside the door. In the morning he is equally punctual, quiet and quick. He has his needles and thread, buttons and so forth, always at hand; and in travelling he is very systematic with the luggage. With this skilled valet everything is made as easy to me as it possibly can be.' One sadly wonders what the life of poor Scott can have been during the quarter of a century which elapsed after the novelist's sudden and lamented death? The man who could earn such praise, as the words just quoted, from Charles Dickens, an exacting master, though a good one, would seem to have deserved a better ending than to die in an incommodious garret in Soho. Before Charles Dickens died, in 1870, I had read most of his works though, with a boy's instinct, I had skipped some passages, choosing to read only the best. There are not many people now living who can make such a claim. I remember my father (not such a keen Dickensian as myself) coming to me one day and saying, 'Herbert, I have just read in *The Times* that one who has given you much pleasure has died.' It was Charles Dickens."

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Twenty-one Pounds Three Shillings.—Mr. John Greaves (nine Lecture-Recitals.)

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Six Pounds Three Shillings and Elevenpence.—Madison Branch.

Five Guineas.—Birmingham Branch (Performance of *Cricket on the Hearth*). Mr. Wm. A. Clark.

Five Pounds.—Miss Tattan, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

Two Guineas.—Miss D. L. Minards (Luton Fayre).

One Pound Nineteen Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. J. Cooper Sands (Nottingham—sale of plays).

One Guinea.—Messrs. H. Benn, T. W. Hill, W. Kent.

One Pound and Sixpence.—Miss D. Green (Bath—sale of books).

Fifteen Shillings and Ninepence.—Anon.

Ten Shillings and Sixpence.—Col. Burn (South Place Ramblers). Miss Jane Davies (Balham). Mr. J. F. Sutton.

Ten Shillings.—Miss J. Reckitt (sale of book).

Five Shillings.—Miss Emily Jones.

Total to date £4,025 14s. 10d.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page. Press cuttings are not acceptable

BALHAM

The Balham Branch, celebrating its Silver Jubilee, considered that no more appropriate manner of marking the occasion could be found than that of raising a contribution to the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial). For this purpose a highly successful social evening was organised which comprised light entertainment of all kinds, music, dancing, games, competitions and a "Bring and Buy" Sale. The Mayor of Wandsworth, Alderman Mrs. Goodrich, and the Mayoress, honoured the proceedings with their presence. The result was a happy evening which was completely successful in every way and £20 for the Fund. J. D.

OVERSEAS VISITORS TO LONDON

The following visitors to London are warmly welcome: Mr. and Mrs. Warren, of Edmonton, Alberta; Mrs. Maclean and Miss Edwards, of Melbourne and Miss Hobart Studds of Sydney.

* * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. H. M. Crockitt and Mr. J. T. Sinton, the new Hon. Secretaries of Shrewsbury and Edinburgh respectively. The thanks of the Fellowship are offered to the retiring officers, Mr. A. L. Murry and Miss K. H. Johnston.

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Mr. J. J. MILLS, Headquarters.
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Mrs. C. H. PHILLIPS, Headquarters.

DICKENSIANA

"Charles Dickens." W. Somerset Maugham, *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1948.
"John Jasper: Murderer." Richard M. Baker, *The Trollopian*, September and December, 1948.
"My Great Grandfather." Monica Dickens, *Life*, December 27th, 1948.
Book Reviews on pp. 90, 96, 103, 105, 106.

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

At the Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, at 7 p.m.

MARCH.
Wed. 9—"ACTORS OF DICKENS DAY." Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope. Chairman: Mr. Leslie C. Staples.
Sat. 12—"THE STREET OF A THOUSAND YEARS" conducted by Col. A. H. Burn,
Meet Blackfriars Uuderground Station, 2-30 p.m.
APRIL. Mon. 25—ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.
There are three vacancies on the Committee, nominations for which must reach the Hon. Secretary by April 1st.
The Business Meeting will be followed by a debate: "That Dickens is Greater than Shakespeare," by Mr. J. H. McNulty and Mr. A. L. Redgrove.
MAY. Sat. 21—VISIT TO THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE, HARPENDEN, 3-15 p.m. Conducted by Rev. Geo. Parkinson.
Green Line Coach from King's Cross Coach Station, Judd Street, 1-23 or 1-53, alight Hillside Road, Harpenden, 2 mins from the Home. Day Return, 5*s*. 3*d*. or Train from St. Pancras, 1-35, to Harpenden. Day Return, 5*s*. 2*d*. Members will be met at both points of arrival.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP ANNUAL CONFERENCE. See page 59.

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